The Outlook

JULY 18, 1923

THE TWELVE-HOUR DAY

ON his arrival at Tacoma, Washington, on July 1, President Harding made public a letter to him from the Directors of the Iron and Steel Institute. First on the list of these Directors is the name of Judge Elbert H. Gary, who is President of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation and has been chief spokesman on behalf of those steel manufacturers who still maintain the twelve-hour day in their industry. This letter was a reply to one from the President expressing disappointment that in the report of the Institute's Committee on the abolition of the twelve-hour day "no conclusive arrangement was proposed for the determination of what must be manifestly accepted as a practice that should be obsolete in American industry."

In their letter to the President the steel manufacturers recorded their recognition of the "strong sentiment throughout the country in favor of eliminating the twelve-hour day" and their determination to secure its total abolition "at the earliest time practicable;" but they said it could not be "effected overnight." The most that they promised was that it might be brought about when, to use the phrase from the President's letter, "there is a surplus of labor available."

To postpone such a change until there is a surplus of labor seems to us to be simply to substitute one difficulty for another. It is true that it requires more men to run a steel plant on eight-hour shifts than on twelve-hour shifts if the number of men kept at work at any one time is not to be decreased. That seems to give an excuse for waiting for a surplus of labor so that the larger number of men needed might be available. On the other hand, when there is a surplus of labor and men are clamoring for jobs steel manufacturers are not of their own will going to find it easy to reduce the hours of a day's work. The argument in such times is that if men are so eager to work twelve hours why not let them? Besides, when there is a surplus of labor it is the very time when industries are least likely to be prosperous and feel able even temporarily to increase their labor costs.

Whether there is a shortage of labor or a surplus of labor there is therefore a very plausible excuse for maintaining the twelve-hour day. Though we do not believe that the letter of the Steel Institute's Directors was meant to be evasive, it sounds so.

Mr. Gompers goes so far as to discredit this letter altogether, and to say that the one sure way to end the twelve-hour day is "for the steel workers, through organization, to refuse to remain slaves to the Steel Trust." One does not have to go so far as Mr. Gompers to fear that if the steel manufacturers cannot make the change in prosperous times they will find it hard to make the change at any time.

What is equally to be feared is that the demand for the abolition of the twelve-hour day may be used as an argument for adding to our already too large stock of unassimilable alien immigrants.

Among engineers the best opinion is that the twelve-hour day is unnecessary and is often uneconomical. Among social workers it is recognized as socially injurious. Instead of finding good excuses for retaining it a while longer, the steel manufacturers, if they wish to avoid arousing hostile public sentiment, should be bending their energies to abolishing it.

THE COAL COMMISSION'S REPORT ON THE ANTHRACITE MONOPOLY

"A LIMITED natural monopoly like anthracite coal, supplying a necessity of life for millions of our people, cannot continue to be treated as if it were not affected by public interest."

This vigorous statement is but one of several vigorous statements in the report which the United States Coal Commission, after several months of strenuous work, has submitted to the President concerning the anthracite coal-mining industry.

Authorized by Congress and appointed by the President, the Commission has for its purpose the preparation of a programme designed to protect the interests of the public in the coal resources of the Nation and to reduce the friction which has too long existed between operators and miners. The report on its study of the anthracite industry will form at least a part of the basis for the programme which it will recommend.

Of the total original deposit of anthracite, of which eastern Pennsylvania has a virtual monopoly, one-third has already been taken from the ground. Of the unmined anthracite ninety per cent is controlled by eight coal companies and affiliated corporations, and there is a unified control of mine labor.

This is the situation concerning which some more of the Commission's vigorous language is used, as follows:

> The fundamental fact in the anthracite coal problem is that heretofore these limited and exhaustible natural deposits have been in the absolute private possession of their legal owners, to be developed or withheld at will, to be leased for such royalties as could be exacted, to be transported and distributed at such rates and in such manner as a double-headed railroad and coal combination might find most advantageous from the point of view of private profit, to be sold at such prices as could be maintained by the restriction of output and the elimination of independent competitors, through such means as the maintenance of freight rates burdensome except to those who, owning both mines and railroads, could afford to be indifferent as to whether their revenue came from the one source or the other.

Whether, since the railways and coal mines have severed the close relationship which used to exist, the anthracite monopoly will be in restraint of trade the Commission has been unable to decide. In order to determine the fact, the Commission recommends the requirement of annual reports to some Government agency and of full publicity. The Commission goes on record as opposing any movement toward Government ownership of anthracite mines, but it emphatically declares coal to be "quite as much a public necessity as gas, street railway service, or any other service or commodity that has been brought under public regulation."

PRICE AND COST OF ANTHRACITE

THE increasing cost of mining and distributing coal is shown not to differ from that of any other commodity except that the price rise did not drop in 1920, when that of all other commodities did. Wholesale and retail prices of anthracite have doubled within the past ten years. Half of the

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consumer's dollar at the present time, it is shown, pays for the coal at the mine, a quarter pays the freight, and a quarter goes to the retailer. A profit of about twelve cents on the dollar is divided between mine operator and retailer. The Commission was not able to determine the profit of the railway for hauling the coal. This item, however, was found to be so large that the Commission urges the Inter-State Commerce Commission to re-examine rates for hauling anthracite.

Labor cost per ton of coal produced from the anthracite mines has increased since 1913 from $1.56 to $4.12. Sensational as this increase appears, the Commission finds that labor cost bears the same relation to total cost now that it did in 1913. The cost of supplies, on the other hand, has doubled within that period and general expenses have nearly trebled. The total cost of a gross ton of coal of all sizes at the railway mines was $2.23 in 1913. To-day it is $5.75. From mines other than railway mines the per ton cost in 1913 was $2.50. It is now $6.32.

The anthracite output, the Commission says, has not kept pace with the increase in population. Further, the Commission finds that there is no hope of increasing the output unless additional miners' helpers can be induced to enter the industry. It is recommended that the number of market sizes be reduced in order that the coal may be more satisfactorily inspected. Consumers are urged to create a demand for coal substitutes. This demand can be used, it is said, as one form of insurance against unjust combinations of either labor or capital and consequent rising prices.

ANTHRACITE MINERS AND OPERATORS

A NUMBER of recommendations for more prompt and more amicable adjustment of differences between anthracite miners and operators are made by the United States Coal Commission in its report to the President. As a basis for its recommendations, the Commission asserts the legal right of a man to work as he pleases. That right, in the opinion of the Commission, includes the right of collective bargaining. In actual practice, the Commission observes, neither of these principles is left unobstructed. Collective bargaining, the Commission insists, implies collective keeping of the bargain. It suggests, therefore, that any new agreement entered into should contain a clause providing penalties for breach of the agreement.

The anthracite contract, the Commission says, should not expire at the same time that the bituminous one does. The contract should provide for its own renewal except as to any portions of it which either side may desire to review. If review of any clause is desired, the party asking it should be required to give notice of the fact ninety days before the expiration of the contract. If an agreement has not been reached between operators and miners sixty days before expiration of the contract, all of the facts in the controversy should be reported to the President of the United States, whose duty it would be to appoint one or more persons to investigate the controverted facts and to make a public report before the contract expires.

The most sweeping recommendation of the Commission is that Congress confer upon the President the authority, in the event operations cease in the anthracite mines, to declare an emergency under which practical Government operation would result. The President would take charge of the mines, fix the wages to be paid the miners as well as the compensation to be allowed the owners, and distribute the product as the needs of the country might require. If this recommendation is accepted, an emergency can be declared as to the entire anthracite industry or as to a single mine. The decision of the President as to wages and compensation of owners would be subject to review by the courts.

The Commission made an extensive study of the living conditions of miners' families, together with earnings and labor conditions. It is stated that of those who avail themselves of the opportunity to work the year round the income for a family of five ranges from $1,500 to $2,000. The number who fall below this figure, however, is greater than of those who exceed it.

The report applies exclusively to the anthracite industry. A separate report will be made, probably in September, on the bituminous industry.

WHY NEGRO VETERANS LACK NEGRO DOCTORS

IN the town of Tuskegee, Alabama, the Government established a hospital for Negro veterans suffering from mental disorders and tuberculosis. Negro veterans suffering from other diseases have not been, and will not be, admitted to this hospital. The limitation upon the classes of disorders treated at this hospital made it necessary to create a staff of doctors who were specialists in the two difficult fields which we have mentioned.

The original plan was to have white doctors and white head nurses, the other nurses to be Negroes. Recently the plans were changed and the effort made to secure a complete staff of Negro physicians and nurses. The hospital was first opened with a skeleton staff of white physicians and nurses drawn from other Governmental hospitals. The task of replacing these with competent Negroes proved unexpectedly difficult. The Government was able to develop an adequate staff of Negro X-ray men, bacteriologists, and dentists, but found that the available Negro specialists in the fields of tuberculosis and mental disorders were very limited in number. In addition to this, the Veterans' Bureau had to face the fact that all appointments had to be made under Civil Service regulations and the Civil Service Commission certify eligibles whether they happen to be white or colored. This forced the Veterans' Bureau, in its effort to carry out its plan for an all-Negro hospital, to find justification for rejecting whites.

Not only this, but no little opposition developed locally to the plan for an all-Negro hospital. It seems to have been feared in Tuskegee that the Negro doctors and nurses would be unable to control properly their patients and the handling of drugs which might menace the local community. The feeling aroused against an all-Negro hospital in Tuskegee caused the Association for the Advancement of Colored People to issue a request for Federal troops for the protection of the Negroes at Tuskegee. The Association for the Advancement of Colored People has done many injudicious things in its day, but we think this request caps the climax. If the Association had deliberately started out to incite hostility to the Negroes at Tuskegee, it could have hit upon no better plan than the issuance of this request.

The difficulty in securing an adequate staff of Negro specialists to take charge of such a hospital as that at Tuskegee may be realized from a study of certain figures compiled by the United States Department of the Interior in collaboration with Howard University, the great Negro institution, at the National capital. Accord-

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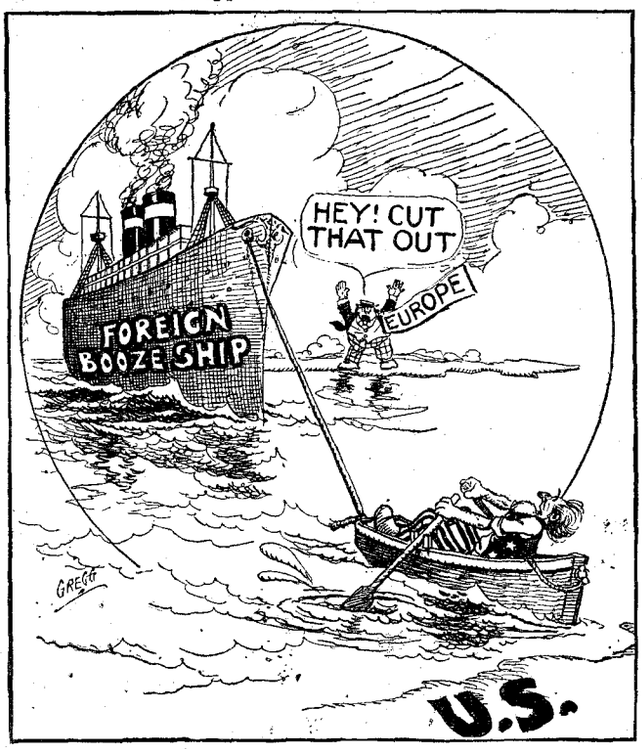
"I EYED THEM EVEN TO THEIR SHIPS"

(The Winter's Tale, Act II, Scene 1)

Gregg in the Denver Post



"WHO'S RUNNING THIS COUNTRY, ANYWAY?"

From Mrs. A. Raisin, Pueblo, Col.

From Punch, or the London Charivari

AUTHORITY BEGINS AT HOME

Europa. "I have called for a friendly talk about prohibition within the three-mile limit."

President Harding: "Nothing doing, madam. In no circumstances can I alter my present attitude."

The Goat. "I wonder."

[On June 10 the new law prohibiting ships from carrying liquor within the three-mile limit came into operation. About the same time the New York State Legislature repealed its Prohibition Enforcement Act.]

Knott in the Dallas News

MIGHT ALMOST BE CALLED A REPETITION OF HISTORY

From Joe K. Smith, Palestine, Texas

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

SHIP LIQUOR CONFISCATIONS
ILL FEELING TOWARD U.S. OVER DEBTS
EUROPEAN JEALOUSY OF AMERICA'S WEALTH
JAPANESE ILL WILL
FRENCH RESENTMENT AT U.S. REJECTION OF VERSAILLES TREATY
THE PEACE OF AMERICA
OUR 18TH AMENDMENT

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ONE MORE STRAW

From K. A. Scritsmier, Menomonie, Wis.

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ing to these figures, the Negro race in the United States, in order properly to care for the health of its own members, needs an annual increase of 450 in the number of colored physicians. The actual annual increase is 63. The average number of colored dentists graduating each year is also 63. In order to take care of the needs of the race, there should be 500 graduates each year. Ninety Negro trained nurses are graduated each year, while a yearly addition of 600 is needed to minister to the sick among the colored people. An interesting feature of the data gathered by the Howard University is the statement that more colored physicians and dentists are practicing in five cities—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, and Chicago—than in all of the sixteen Southern States, where 8,000,000 colored people live.

THE FARMER-LABOR SPLIT

LEADERS of the Farmer-Labor party called a conference to meet in Chicago July 3–4–5 to promote a union of third party forces for the Presidential campaign of 1924. The result was a split, so that now there are two organizations representing the third party movement where before there was one. Nearly 600 delegates were in attendance.

The Workers' party, said to represent the Communist movement in American politics, really dominated the conference. On motion of C. E. Ruthenberg, a resolution was adopted for the formation of a "Federated Farmer-Labor party," on the Organization Committee of which the Farmer-Labor party was to be represented by five members. This action was taken on the closing day of the conference, July 5. Spokesmen for the Farmer-Labor group protested this action. They met the following day as the Farmer-Labor party, refused to name representatives to sit in the Organization Committee of the Federated Farmer-Labor party, and decided to continue separate existence.

W. Z. Foster and Joseph Manley are among the main supporters of the new organization. John Fitzpatrick, President of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and Robert M. Buck, editor of the "New Majority," who are considered rather extreme radicals in the labor movement, both took a strong stand against merging the Farmer-Labor party with a new group dominated by Communists in sympathy with the Third International. The conference did not adopt resolutions in favor of Communist principles, but it voted down motions in condemnation of direct-action methods. Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Buck charged that Mr. Foster packed the conference and ran away with it. There was some idea on the part of outsiders that Henry Ford might be indorsed for President. But Ford sentiment was not strong in either of the groups into which the conference divided.

A PROPOSED EMBARGO ON CANADIAN PULP WOOD

IF the proposed Canadian embargo on pulp wood becomes an actuality, it will make it necessary for many American pulp mills either seriously to curtail their output or to seek supplies elsewhere. The annual pulpwood consumption in the United States is in excess of 6,000,000 cords. Of this quantity something over 1,250,000 cords, or more than one-fifth of the total annual supply, is imported from Canada. New York mills, taken as a group, receive more than half their supply from the Canadian forests. The New England mills are dependent to a smaller extent upon the Canadian supply, and a part of the mills in the Lake States are in the same situation. Practically all paper-producing sections, therefore, would be seriously hampered by the embargo.

So far, however, no embargo has been placed on Canadian pulp wood. The Canadian Parliament has passed a bill authorizing the Governor in Council to prohibit the export of pulp wood; but the question will be the subject of an investigation by a royal commission shortly to be appointed. It is not anticipated that any action will be taken by the Canadian Cabinet until the report of this commission has been received and considered.

Two objects are in view by those Canadians who seek the establishment of a pulp wood embargo. It is urged, first, as part of a permanent policy of forest conservation. In the second place, it is urged as a stimulus to the building up of a domestic paper industry through which, its advocates contend, advantages now accruing to American industry would go toward increasing Canadian prosperity.

OUR PAPER SUPPLY

IT is perfectly proper for Canada to take such a measure as an embargo on pulp wood in defense of her own interest. Canada has been increasing her facilities for turning pulp wood into wood pulp, and so expects to make an additional profit by the application of the new law. She has also been increasing her facilities for turning wood pulp into paper. On our side of the Canadian border, however, the new legislation, if put into execution, will inevitably raise the price of paper.

However unwelcome another increase in the price of paper may be, the Canadian action, if the Governor in Council orders the embargo, will have one good effect here. It will force us to reforest. Pulp wood means not only spruce, but also balsam, hemlock, and other woods. The greatest stock of our present available pulp wood supply on our own territory is along the Pacific coast of our mainland and in Alaska. The main difficulty is that pulp and paper from these regions have to bear the cost of transportation. Hence the necessity to reforest in other sections. During the past twelvemonth, it is gratifying to know, reforestation has covered twice as much territory as in any preceding similar period, being particularly marked in New York and Pennsylvania. But the extra territory required for perpetual supply is immensely greater than that now covered; indeed, it exceeds our total present waste-land area.

Appeals for reforestation—only too often vainly made—have been put forth on general grounds. Now that a particular industry brings the issue sharply to the fore, the country's whole forest situation and policy will, we hope and expect, receive a most needed and welcome benefit.

SPORT OVERSEAS

FOR the last time the championship tennis tournament at Wimbledon carried with it officially the title of world pre-eminence, and it fell to the lot of an American, William M. Johnston, of California, to bear away this honor. William T. Tilden, 2d, the American champion who has fought so many gallant battles with Mr. Johnston, was not entered in the tournament. Perhaps the real world's championship will be determined only when Johnston and Tilden meet for the American championship later in the summer. The women's title in the Wimbledon tournament went without much effective dispute to Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen. When she is "on her game," there seems to be no one who can withstand her.

Another British event of interest to Americans was the contest for the diamond sculls won last year by Walter Hoover, of Duluth. Hoover was again

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entered, but in a preliminary race he was eliminated because his oar struck a boom at the side of the course. Newspaper reports say that his only comment on his misfortune was the remark that "it was my business to steer as well as to row"—a sporting way of accepting an unlooked-for defeat which must have appealed very strongly to all of his opponents and their supporters. It was in contrast to the remarks given out by Walter Hagan, the golf professional, upon his unsuccessful efforts to win the British open golf championship.

FORMER JUSTICE DAY

ONE of the most retiring of public men, William R. Day, who died last week at the age of seventy-four, was a good servant of the Republic.

In view of his long and able service as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, it seems strange that he resigned a judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas in Ohio when he was a comparatively young man because he found the work of the judge distasteful. He first became a National figure when he was chosen by President McKinley as Assistant Secretary of State under the aging John Sherman. Later as Secretary of State he headed the Commission that drew up the Treaty of Peace with Spain.

After his services as Secretary of State he became United States Circuit Judge in the Sixth Judicial Circuit, and then in 1903 was appointed by President Roosevelt Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Not many months before his death he was commissioned as Umpire of the Mixed Claims Commission to settle the claims of Americans against Germany. He retired from the Associate Justiceship about three months after being selected as Umpire, and resigned as Umpire last May.

All his life Justice Day was hampered by ill health, but, in spite of it, he served ably and laboriously, as well as loyally.

ROME AND THE RUHR

WHEN the world found itself afflicted with a modern Assyria, it looked in vain for moral help to the Vatican. All that Benedict could see in the vast struggle against the attempt of Germany to dominate the rest of mankind was a quarrel of which the belligerents on both sides should be equally ashamed. In a position which gave him unprecedented moral leadership the Pope was satisfied with being a passive neutral, whose very neutrality was, after a fashion, of assistance to German brigandage.

(C) Keystone

WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON, WINNER OF THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD AT WIMBLEDON, ENGLAND

Now the Vatican, apparently with as little understanding of the issue as ever, has lent what little moral weight it has in international policies again upon the side of Germany; but this time it has found it wise to retreat. Perhaps in modern times there has been some other example of Papal interference that has brought such humiliation to the Pope, but for the time being we do not recall it. When the Pope made known his disapproval of the French occupation of the Ruhr, he was quickly informed, as we understand it, through the Papal Secretary of State, that France did not think he was treating well the eldest daughter of the Church. Of course it would be too much to expect that the Pope would disavow his disapproval, so, to make things even, he communicated with Germany his desire that the Germans should desist their resistance in the Ruhr.

On the whole, the Vatican has not been any happier in the issues of this so-called time of peace than it was in the issues of the war.

IF GERMANY IS POOR

IF Germany is poor as she is pictured as being, there must be some explanation not obvious to the ordinary man for Germany's ability to develop her trade and industry as she is doing. Facts reported in authoritative German technical publications have been figured out by Victor Cambon with the help of the French Chamber of Commerce at Mayence and reported in foreign correspondence in the New York "Evening Post." As the purchaser of American cotton Germany is second only to England, and as the buyer of American copper Germany stands first. In the first quarter of 1923 there were only seventy business failures reported in Germany, less than one-fifth of the number recorded in the first quarter of last year, and less than a tenth of that of two years ago. In contrast with the stoppage of building in England and France, there is noted the erection in thirty German cities of over 21,000 new buildings in 1921 and over 22,000 in 1922. Germany's shipbuilding has shown great activity, and now Hamburg has recovered its prewar tonnage.

For all this German big business, the financial resources (as Victor Cambon quotes from the head of the Barrow Steel Company in England) "are in safety in the United States and even in England."

The Germans are very proud of this record, which includes the development of the mining industry as well as other industries, because it is evidence, as the Germans think, of Germany's ability to resist French and Belgian pressure. So, while for purposes of sympathy Germany is poor, for purposes of defiance Germany is rich.

ENGLAND'S BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

EVEN while the guns could be heard booming across the Channel, England did not seem to be quite aware of what the war meant. While England had her back to the wall, troops *en route* to France were kept inmobile in England while Englishmen took their week-end off. Even the most desperate period in the most desperate of wars did not shake the English out of their routine of recreation altogether—or business. It is not at all surprising, then, that in this present stage of the conflict, while the issue of the war still remains unsettled, England's chief desire seems to be for business as usual.

This is all there is in the talk and the writing about what journalists

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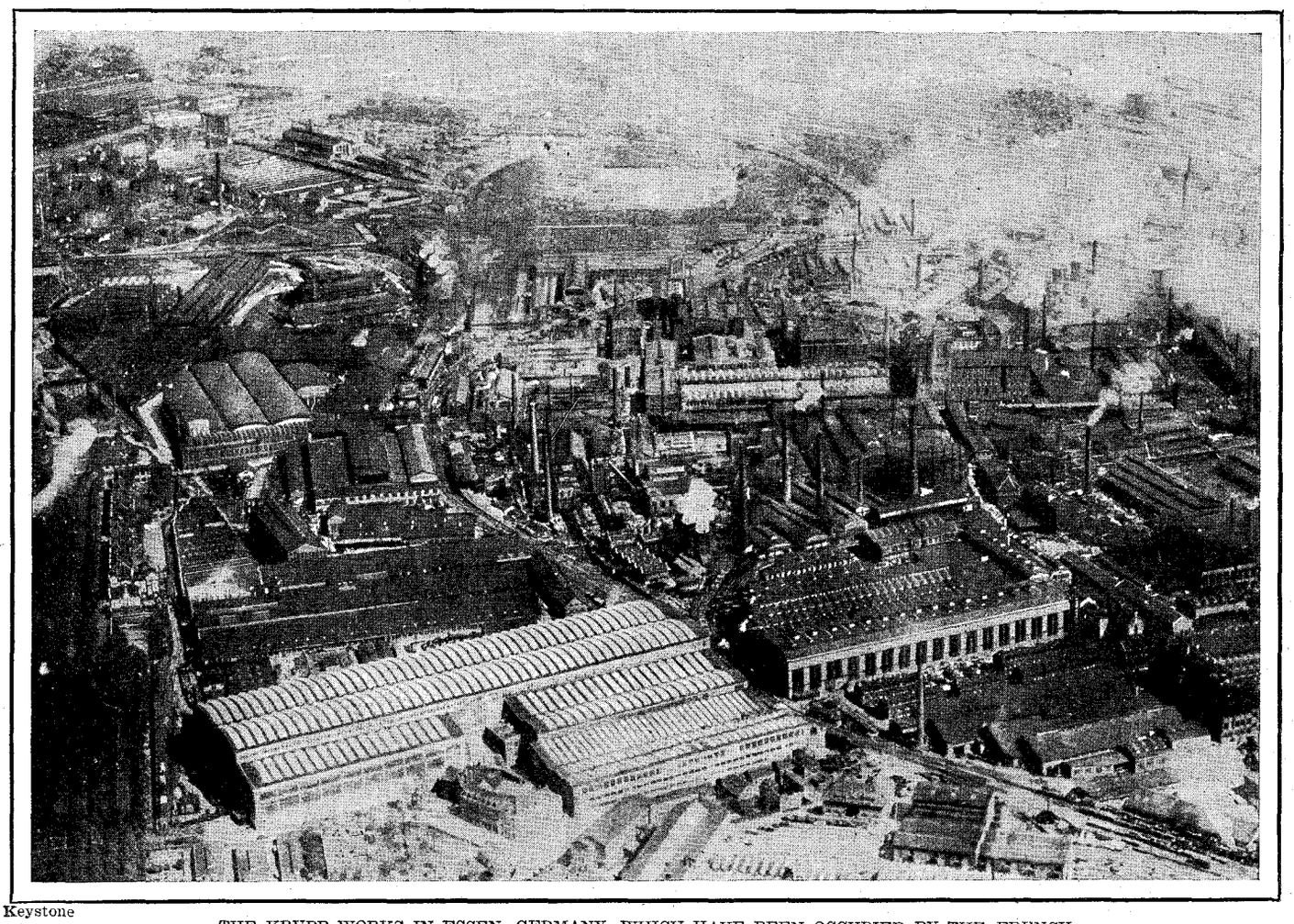

Keystone

THE KRUPP WORKS IN ESSEN, GERMANY, WHICH HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH

This vast industrial machine is a symbol of Germany's wealth and economic power. It is this wealth which makes of Germany a desirable customer for England. But it is on this wealth that France is determined to draw to secure the repair of that which Germany ruined. It is here, therefore, that France and England clash

and politicians like to call, with decorative polysyllabicity, economic rehabilitation. To call it "business as usual" would not sound quite so impressive or elevated, but that is what it means. If we want to unlock the gate that will lead to an understanding of England's policy toward Germany to-day, we shall find that "business as usual" is the key that will fit.

Germany may have been a brigand. Germany may have escaped so far the just consequences of her brigandage. But, from the English point of view, Germany has been and Germany some time will be again, and to some extent Germany is now, a buyer of English goods.

The English are perfectly frank about all this. They want Germany's business, they need Germany's business, and they are going to have Germany's business. So there is very good reason why England wants to exercise charity, forbearance, forgiveness, forgetfulness. Anything so that the wheels of business shall begin to move again. There is only one matter that stands between England and business as usual, and that is to an Englishman the utterly unintelligible logic of France.

So genuine an idealist and so thoroughly English an Englishman as J. St. Loe Strachey puts this matter of business as usual with the Englishman's customary moral earnestness over a matter that concerns his material wealth, as follows:

> In sober truth, Europe is "standing by" to restart the vast machinery of trade and exchange, and so of civilization—material, moral, intellectual. Only let the mandatory be given, and once more the vast cranks and axles will revolve in answer to the million impulses of mankind. In a year or two we should have cleared away the ruins of the War and forgotten it in a flood of prosperity and enterprise and discovery. But, alas, France persists in forbidding the world's renewal of her youth and her happiness. France has only to snap a thread, or to speak a word, to break the spell which now binds Europe, in order to see mankind rise like a liberated giant and strike with his mighty hammer on the anvils of Industry and Commerce.

So it is France that must change her spirit, we are told not only by Mr. Strachey but by journalists of all political faiths. Not a word about a change of spirit in Germany. Not a word about any real effort on the part of Germany to repair the damage she has wrought. It is true that in all English statements that we have seen there is not the slightest indication that England is prepared to abandon her claim upon her share of whatever reparations Germany does pay except for value received. And England it was—as Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, one of the negotiators at the time, has testified—that particularly insisted that in the reparations should be included pensions and separation allowances. And to-day it is England's claim for pensions and separation allowances on which her claim for reparations depends. But England is willing to waive these claims to pensions from Germany if France will only give up her desire to require Germany to make good so far as possible the rebuilding of what Germany destroyed and guarantee France's safety for the future by tangible negotiable guaranties. No, England is not concerned about any change in Germany's spirit, for that would not do England's business any particular good. It is

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therefore only France that stands in the way.

This is a common opinion. It is stated almost like a creed or a bit of Scripture again and again. For example, the London "Outlook:" "The one obstacle to a final liquidation of the war, and the real commencement of economic recovery," which, we may interrupt to say in less polysyllabic language, is "business as usual," "is France." And the London "Nation," which affects perhaps the most idealistic tone among English weekly journals, recognizes the intimate connection between the French persistence and the disastrous effect on British trade.

Consequently Englishmen have advocated and have tried various methods of changing France's purpose. Apparently they are divided in their own mind as to whether it would be more effective to woo France or to use a bludgeon on her.

Now come rumors, apparently inspired, that England is going to choose her own course and leave all pretense of co-operation with France. Before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers Prime Minister Baldwin's policy may have been explicitly declared. It is intimated that England is about ready to make separate terms with Germany as to reparations and may call a conference of Powers to determine the amount that she will accept. It does not seem to us that this will change the relative position of France and Great Britain except to make open the breach between the two countries which has heretofore been concealed. If this happens, there will be plainly two European policies. One will be a political policy, that of France—justice and security. The other will be an economic policy, that of England—business as usual.

If England's course seems to some a rather sordid outcome to a nobly fought war, some allowance should be made for England's geographical position and diplomatic traditions.

No nation has such access to power and no nation is in such close proximity to catastrophe as such an island kingdom as Great Britain. That which gives her people avenues to all the world is what may bring her to starvation. Because she brings wealth from all the world and transforms it into greater wealth and takes the profit, she must have trade or die. This is why Great Britain must have a certain command of the sea. And this is why she must have customers. This is why she fought the German submarines with a relentlessness unsurpassed in any field of war, and this, precisely this, is why now she wants the Germans for customers.

We should not blame the British Government for looking after British interests, though it is not necessary for us to find in the policy of the British Government any reason for emulating what the British seem sincerely convinced to be their policy of charity, tolerance, and forgiveness.

Our interests in America are not the same as Britain's. It is true we might profit by markets in Germany which are not now available, but we do not need them in order to survive. There is one thing, however, which we do need if we are to survive as a strong and free nation. That is a world in which we can depend upon the word of our neighbors or, lacking that, upon a law that will restrain them. If we must choose between England's policy of business as usual and France's policy of justice and security, it is to our interest to choose the latter. Much as we need markets, we need still more the assurance that any aggressive nation which attempts to dominate the world and to cripple its neighbors shall not profit by its aggression.

FROM HOMER TO HEARST

THE annals of Fistiana go back to the dawn of our literature. Even in Homer's time the art of beating a fellow human being into insensibility was highly developed. The cestus took the place of the modern glove, which we owe to the estimable Mr. Broughton, who, in the middle of the eighteenth century, made prize fights an adjunct of society. In its essentials the art does not seem to have changed greatly in the long course of its developments. The Greeks knew the cauliflower ear under another name, and the ancient Sicilians possessed a champion in Entellus, who staged what a modern sport writer would undoubtedly call a "comeback" of redoubtable proportions. If Jess Willard and other elderly boxers would turn to their Virgil and read the account of the games at the funeral of Anchises, they would find much of encouragement.

We said that the game of personal combat had not changed much in the course of history. We were wrong. In one particular the modern boxing match between professional fighters is on an infinitely lower plane than the heroic contests of classic times or of eighteenth-century England. The old fighters fought largely for the love of it and for fame. The modern fighter of any distinction fights for the clang of a cash register, and the clang of the cash register never echoed more loudly than in the recent contest between Jack Dempsey and Tom Gibbons, which, either for good or ill, put Shelby, Montana, on the map of the sporting world. The story of the preliminaries of this contest, as it was revealed in the daily press, was a thing to study and to ponder over. A little Montana town, large with that American spirit which is not afraid, as Kipling puts it, "to match with destiny for beers," offered a king's ransom to the heavy-weight champion and a chance for glory to the challenger. The king's ransom, it turned out, was hard to come by, and the coffers of Shelby were bare indeed on the day of the fight. Even a stirring appeal "to save the honor of Montana" failed to bring forth the last few drops of golden blood which Mr. Dempsey and his manager, per contract, were demanding of the optimistic promoters. The generous-hearted Mr. Dempsey, however, with some $200,000 in the bank and the promise of an additional lien upon the box-office receipts, graciously did consent to enter the ring. Contrary to the prophecies of a legion of sports writers and in accord with the hopes of the citizens of Shelby, the gracious Mr. Dempsey failed to eliminate his opponent from the ring in the course of fifteen stirring rounds. According to Mr. Heywood Broun, the citizens of Shelby extracted as much enjoyment from the privilege of jeering the wise souls in the reporters' stand as they did from the fact that Mr. Gibbons stayed with his opponent to the last bell. We may have been unobservant, but we have failed to note any reference to this episode in the columns of the sporting experts when they faced the sad necessity, as they frequently do, of conducting a post mortem upon their predictions. Truly, the lot of a prophet is not an easy one.

The story of the Shelby fight would not be complete without a reference to a piece of sordid journalism worthy of the present status of the professional boxing game. On the morning after the fight the New York "American" ran a picture on its front page which looked as though it had been photographed through a screen door. Over this picture was the caption,

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"'Telegraphoto' of Final Round." Underneath the picture was the statement: "Jack Dempsey tore loose in the fifteenth round yesterday. He worked Gibbons along the ropes and whipped home many hard punches, some to the body and others to the head. At the bell the challenger was still on his feet, but a very tired gladiator." The eagle-eyed contemporaries of the "American" promptly spotted this picture as a reworked negative of a previous fight, and the New York "American" was forced to the lame admission that the photograph had not been sent by telegraph and that the word "telegraphoto" did not mean what the average newspaper reader must necessarily have inferred upon seeing it.

The New York "American" styles itself "a paper for people who think" and over its front page it displays an eagle upon whose wings are inscribed the words, "Character, enterprise, quality, and accuracy." Well, the publication of the picture we have described was certainly enterprising.

A dollar diet makes an unbalanced ration for both journals and pugs.

BEAUTY TALKS

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

THE proverbial phrase, "Money Talks," some cynical American has said, ought to be put upon our gold coins in place of the pious ejaculation, "In God We Trust." It was not a cynic but the genial Washington Irving who remarked that the "Almighty Dollar" is the protecting deity that most Americans worship. There has been too much basis of truth in American history for these criticisms. Big business in the past has been altogether too ruthless as to how it scarred the face of the earth, destroyed mountains, dried up rivers, and plastered everything with painted and printed advertising so long as it could make a dollar. But, while money is undoubtedly at the root of this kind of evil, it also has the happy power of influencing its worshipers to decorate its temples with beauty.

We have learned by sad experience that beauty talks as well as money. Even movie theaters, the latest altars of the money god, find that people will come more readily to them when they are beautiful, and the result is that movie proprietors have engaged architects and decorators and musicians to add beauty to the presentation of the picture. The fact is that beauty can be capitalized and is a money-making asset to any community. Europeans discovered this interesting fact first, and the tourist business which is attracted to Switzerland by its mountains and lakes and wonderful roads is one of the profitable industries of that small, but shrewd and successful Republic. The Côte d'Azur and the Riviera from Marseilles to Genoa, the natural beauty of which has been preserved and enhanced and developed in every possible way, have put money in the purses of France and Italy every winter. The Theodore Roosevelt International Highway in Oregon, and the new Storm King road on the Hudson, which is an extension of the wonderful development of the Palisades Park Commission, are money-makers.

These things do not need to be said to the artist, the architect, the poet, and the idealist. They love beauty for its own sake, and are often ready to sacrifice money for it. But that beauty is a money-maker does need to be said over and over again to contractors and promoters, not by way of didactic and moral education, but to save them from pecuniary loss. There is a certain type of practical man who is so unpractical that he does not realize that he is throwing away money when he destroys a beautiful bit of scenery or a beautiful historical edifice.

Two cases in point have arisen recently in the State of New York—the proposed destruction of High Bridge and the proposed erection of an automobile toll bridge across the Hudson at Bear Mountain, just below West Point. High Bridge was built nearly eighty years ago to carry the first Croton Aqueduct over the Harlem River into what is now the heart of the city of New York. It has been for many years one of the beautiful architectural landmarks in this city. Mr. Grover Whalen, Commissioner of Plant and Structure of the City of New York, who has done some exceedingly good work in his department, proposed to tear down High Bridge, because it was interfering with important navigation on the Harlem River, and put the aqueduct which it carries into a siphon tunnel under the Harlem. An Advisory Committee of New York engineers and architects, with Mr. Edwin S. Jarrett as its Chairman, took up the matter, opposed the destruction of this beautiful example of bridge making, and worked out a plan by which it could be preserved and yet the navigation of the Harlem would be unimpeded.

The Board of Estimate of the City of New York has now accepted this plan. It calls for a removal of three of the piers and four of the arches of the original bridge, and the substitution of a steel span. What High Bridge will look like when remodeled in this fashion is shown by a photograph reproduced herewith. This co-operation of engineers and architects with the New York City officials—who deserve a word of praise for accepting the plan of these experts—not only saves a historic and beautiful landmark, but contributes to the money-making power of New York City. For New York is steadily growing as a Mecca for tourists and travelers, not only from all parts of the United States, but from foreign countries. They come partly to see its architectural beauty. The Woolworth Building; the Public Library; Park Avenue, with its viaduct at the Grand Central Station; Morningside Heights, with the fine group of the City College buildings; Riverside Drive, with its great viaduct; High Bridge for foot passengers and Washington Bridge for vehicular traffic; Brooklyn Bridge, one of the finest examples of suspension-bridge work in the world; and the beautiful concrete railway bridge over Hell Gate, are magnets which bring sightseers and, therefore, money spenders to New York City. Whatever can be done to promote the beauty of New York promotes its money-making power.

For this reason the design of the proposed suspension toll bridge across the Hudson at one of the most beautiful spots in its highlands, a plan which is also pictured with this article, should be deplored. This is not because a bridge across the Hudson at this point is unnecessary. On the contrary, a bridge at this spot is very necessary, and the men who thought out the scheme, obtained the necessary legislation, and are getting on with the enterprise are to be commended for their public spirit.

The Palisades Park Commission, which works under joint authority from the States of New Jersey and New York, have done marvels in the preservation and promotion of the beauty of the west bank of the Hudson

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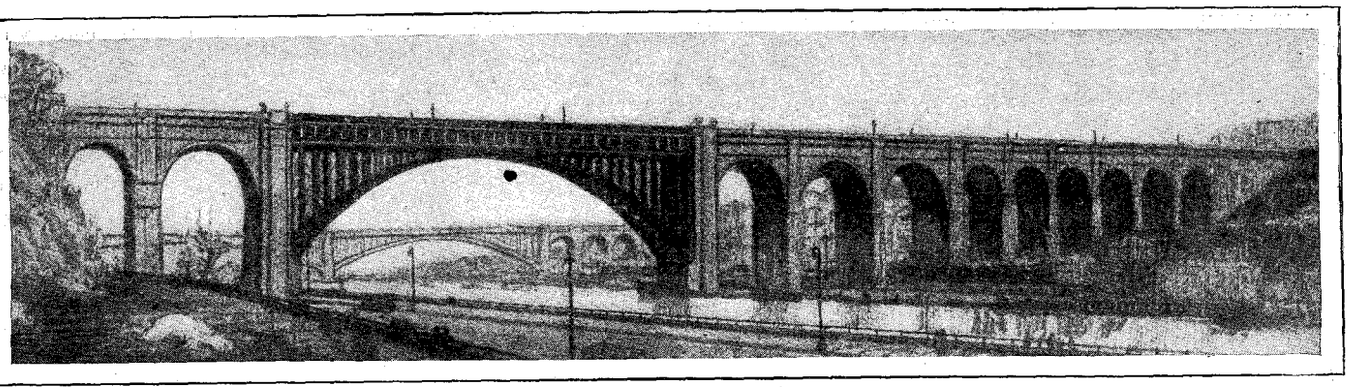
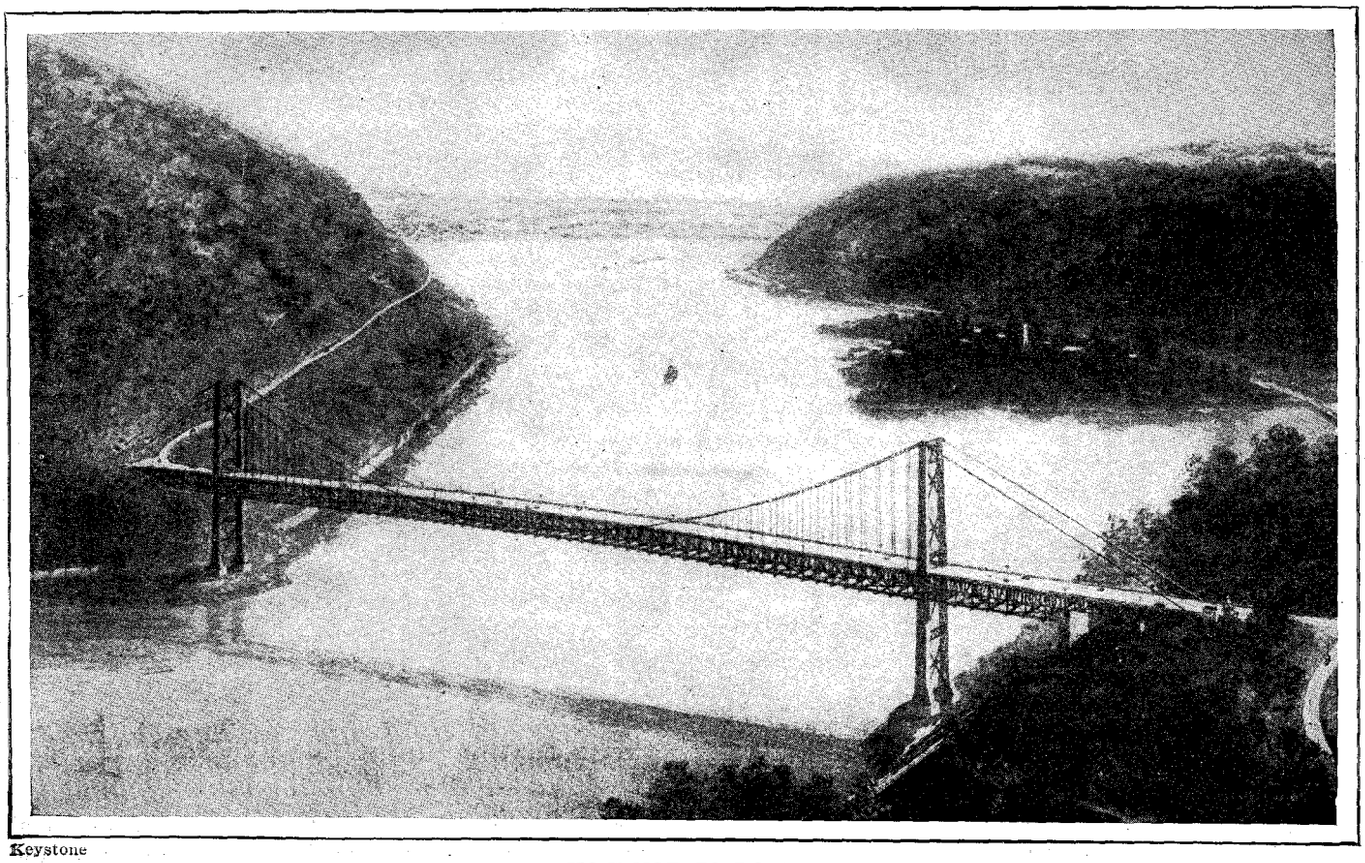


Wide World Photos

HOW TO DO IT

HIGH BRIDGE, OVER THE HARLEM RIVER IN NEW YORK CITY, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN REMODELED

from New York City to Newburgh. There is no river in the world that I have ever seen which contains so much concentrated scenic beauty as this fifty miles of cliffs, mountains, and navigable water. I have been down the Rhine, and I have seen some of the Danube, and I do not think they are comparable to the lower fifty miles of the Hudson, provided it is properly protected from the enterprises of mistaken money-makers. The only bit of river scenery that reminds me of it is the Alleghany from Oil City to within fifteen or twenty miles of Pittsburgh, and that is on a much smaller scale. Bear Mountain Park, a great recreation ground for New York City, is a monument to the foresight, skill, and appreciation of beauty shown by the Palisades Park Commission. A bridge across the Hudson at Bear Mountain is necessary to enable automobilists from New York and Connecticut to reach Bear Mountain Park, and just beyond it the superb Storm King Highway. So far, so good! But, unfortunately, men who conceived of this real public service, and who are to be applauded for the service, are apparently not men of architectural training. The photograph of their proposed bridge, which is reproduced herewith, is their own official conception of what they want to do. With all due respect, it looks in its wonderful setting of mountains and river like a piece of tin trumpery. This is not the individual opinion of a cantankerous critic; it is the opinion of the best architects and artists who have seen the design, and who have made private protest. Many good judges are united in saying that the piers for the suspension bridge ought to be of massive stone, instead of steel uprights that look like poles carrying high-tension electrical power. But stone piers cost a great deal of money, and this bridge is a money-making enterprise. Is there no way by which some of the rich men of New York State can combine and present to the projectors without charge enough money to make a bridge that shall be an everlasting monument to New York's appreciation of beauty? Is



Keystone

HOW NOT TO DO IT

THE PROPOSED DESIGN OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE HUDSON AT BEAR MOUNTAIN

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there no way that the Palisades Park Commission or the Government of the State of New York can insist that this bridge shall be made to contribute to the beauty of the Hudson rather than to detract from it?

I am neither an architect nor an engineer, and am not competent to say what kind of bridge should be built at Bear Mountain. Perhaps the stone piers to which I have alluded are unnecessary. Perhaps an all-steel bridge can be designed that will be appropriate to the natural scenic setting. But I think I have enough æsthetic sense to say that the design shown in the accompanying illustration is, on the face of it, hopelessly incompetent. And yet a suspension bridge may be a thing of beauty if the highest architectural skill is called upon to aid the constructing engineer. A catenary curve, which is the essential factor of design in a suspension bridge, is said to be the most beautiful curve known in geometrical mathematics. But it takes a creative artist as well as a structural draughtsman to handle such a curve so as to make it a thing of beauty. The public has a right to know what creative artists have been consulted as to the design of the Bear Mountain bridge. I know one—I am sorry to say that I am not at liberty to mention his name here—who has created and erected one of the most difficult and at the same time most beautiful examples of steel construction that this country has ever seen, the admiration of artists and architects from all over the world, and who condemns without reservation the design of this proposed Hudson River bridge. We have a beautiful bridge over Hell Gate; why shouldn't we have one at Heaven's Gate—for that is what the gap in the Hudson Highlands at Anthony's Nose and Bear Mountain deserves to be called?

It is currently reported that some of the members of the Palisades Park Commission, which has some authority in approving the design of the bridge, are interested in the undertaking as stockholders. If this is not true, it ought to be officially denied. If it is true, they are acting as judges in a matter in which they have a pecuniary stake, a violation of one of the fundamental precepts of judicial ethics. It was the violation of this principle which gave to the Tweed Ring its most offensive odor. Now I do not mean for a moment to intimate that the Palisades Park Commissioners are in the slightest degree tainted with Tweedism. Far from it. They are as high-minded, self-sacrificing, and public-spirited a body of men as have ever been connected with a great public-works undertaking in this country; and if any of them do own stock in the bridge, they have undoubtedly taken it, not as a matter of personal profit, but as a public service in their desire to see Bear Mountain Park made more accessible to the public. What I do intimate is that they apparently fail to realize that they are already subjecting themselves to much private criticism, which may easily grow into painful public criticism, by permitting an impression to get abroad that they are not insisting on a clean-cut distinction between questions of private profit and public trust.

Readers of The Outlook in the Middle West or on the Pacific Coast may think this is an affair for New York to settle by itself. It is not. The Hudson River belongs as much to the people of Oregon and California as it does to the people of New York. It is a National asset. If the people of New York do not take proper care of this asset, the rest of the United States ought to make an outcry. Beauty talks! I hope it will talk loudly enough in this case to gain the ears of the Palisades Park Commission.

THE GERMANY OF TO-DAY

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

PEOPLE, gray-faced and hollow-eyed, hurry to their offices along the broad and beautiful streets. The windows of delicatessen stores show a profusion of cold cuts and sausages, each carefully priced. Men, women, and children crowd around these windows and look at them fixedly. But few go in. The dollar brings 23,000 marks, and Berlin is starving.

The city is the quintessence of solid comfort. Everything is built on a big scale, even to the streets in the poor sections. The apartment-houses exude a sense of orderly comfort; the rooms are high and large, the furniture is richly carved. Berlin breathes of cold beauty, unapproachable, chaste. This, however, is only the exterior, which it took me several days to notice, for it was some time before I could even look at the streets and buildings. The gray faces of the people troubled me. There was something tragic and feverish which caught me the very first day of my arrival.

And it was a beautiful day. Sunday morning. The sun shone brightly on a thick blanket of snow; children and endless numbers of dogs rolled happily in the fluffy snow. Little sleighs appeared in the Tiergarten; men and boys plowed valiantly on skis between car-tracks. And still I felt that something was wrong. The air was full of care and the gray faces were haggard and anxious.

When I first arrived, every dollar brought me 23,000 marks. This sum could buy me a good pair of shoes or provide me with an excellent room and bath and my meals for one day. True, the menu was deceptive, for the food was scanty and lacked nourishment and the whitish fluid served with my coffee bore little resemblance to milk, though it was called American canned milk. I did not recognize it. In one of the cheap Russian restaurants I could get quite a good dinner for 1,600 marks; but my hotel charged 600 marks for one orange.

It seemed absurd to pay 100 marks for a street-car ride that used to cost 10 pfennigs. The taxi meters registered the old rates, so that one or two marks paid for an average trip. But there stopped the comprehensible. For every chauffeur pulled out an "index," giving the latest exchange, and there followed one minute of intense multiplication. The result was always in many thousands, and, needless to say, only a trained mathematician would have dared question it. On the third day after my arrival the thousands had so bewildered me that I could not add a few simple figures. I paid what was asked. A few thousand marks more or less seemed of no consequence as compared to the brain fag.

Only food shops had prices marked, and these were very large and clear. People stood around and studied them. A hundred marks means little to a person armed with dollars or pounds sterling, but to a German one mark is one mark, and when a few extra ones are piled on they draw the line between a full stomach and starvation. Aside from food, nothing is of any importance in Berlin, for no other shops show any prices at all. The purchaser's accent and appearance decide these, and Americans pay heavily

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for the privilege of owning dollars, as do the English for their pounds. The Russian is classified with the German, for he is usually poor.

But it was not the gray faces alone which troubled me; it was the endless number of money exchanges—little tiny shops of mushroom growth with blackboards in their windows, on which the varying exchange was rapidly chalked up, while an anxious crowd stood around and watched; watched the margin between a full stomach and starvation.

People stood around the jewelry shops on Unter den Linden, they stopped before the confectioners', they examined clothes—and then walked on. There was, however, another chain of sinister shops which never gathered a crowd; just a dark curtain stretched across to shut the interior away from curious eyes, the blackboard stood alone in the window with chalked-up prices for gold, silver, platinum, and other metals. People walked past these furtively, for here the fortunate Berliner could still find relief by selling family jewels on weight.

The silence of the suffering got on my nerves. By the third day I could not bear the streets any more. The beggars at every step—a thing unknown in pre-war Berlin—rattled me. And when a respectable-looking workman stopped me in the street and asked for help for his hungry children I was glad to get rid of a few hundred marks. Overwrought, I tackled a German to whom I had a letter of introduction.

"What's the matter with Berlin?" I questioned him. "Something's wrong. I feel it."

"We're starving," he answered; "that's all."

He explained to me that the workman had been rather fortunate heretofore, for he had work and different prospective funds to draw upon. His wages were raised when the mark fell—of course quite some time after the fall, but still it did climb.

"The intellectuals, on the other hand," he went on, "are absolutely up against it. They are dependent on their salaries alone, and these are not raised much. Government employees exist on starvation wages, and those people who lived on incomes are now just barely keeping alive. An income of 1,000 marks meant comfort in the old days; now it cannot buy one simple meal."

I talked after this with a great number of Germans, and they all told me the same thing—that the brain workers were the chief sufferers.

"The intellectual has a gift for silent suffering," a school principal said to me; "but wait until the factories begin to close and unemployment becomes general. Then the world will know that Germany is starving, for the workman never suffers in silence. He always howls."

This man with two sons in the university told me that he had not tasted milk for seven years and had not had a new suit of clothes for nine years. He could not afford a moving picture, and when he visited friends he had to walk because he could not pay the fare.

"Forgive me," I asked, hesitating, "but what is your salary?"

"I don't know," he answered; "none of us know. It changes so. We live on the edge of an abyss. The buying value of the mark has decreased fifteen hundred times, while our salaries have been raised only three hundred times. Every time the mark falls lower we are increased—but a few months later, so that we are always behind. During the war we did not have food because there was no food. So we did not mind it so much. Now there is plenty of food, but we haven't the money to buy it. At present conditions are much worse—the uncertainty, the hopelessness of it all! I haven't smoked for two years."

And even while he was speaking the mark made its last sensational catapult, striking bottom one day at 50,000 marks to one dollar.

"Buy right away," a sallow-faced girl advised me in a shoe store; "the prices will jump to-morrow."

So I bought a pair of high fur-trimmed leather snow-shoes for about 70 cents. The girl who sold them earned 50,000 marks a month (a little over one dollar); this would not have been so bad if the money had had a purchasing power. But at that time butter cost 10,000 marks a pound; potatoes cost 500 marks a pound, and were considered a luxury; coffee cost 6,600 marks a pound. Of course these were the prices on one day; they were different the day before, and still more different on the day following.

Then I began to understand the nervous hurry of the people in the streets, I realized why the faces were gray. It was the uncertainty which was breaking them down. They never knew what the next day might bring, and, panic-stricken, many of them spent their remaining marks on something solid—shoes or bonds, or anything else which seemed to present a stable value.

My meals made a sudden jump; the Russian restaurant charged 2,200 marks for the dinner. The street cars raised their fares to 150 marks overnight, and the public did not even protest. The chauffeurs produced fresh "indexes" and the thousands piled up faster than ever. Banks ran short of marks, and dollars and pounds sterling were sought after like open sesames to happiness.

"How can you live on the edge of a precipice?" I asked Professor F. Umber, head of the Charlottenburg State Hospital.

"Well, some of us don't," was his answer. "Within the last two months I know of six physicians in my own circle who have committed suicide."

And the panic grew. In the streets, in cars, and in hotel lobbies the exchange became the only subject of discussion. The business men I met all told me of stagnation and inactive factories.

"It costs 120 marks to make a 100-mark note," a German friend familiar with the Government printing office told me, "so nothing under 1,000 marks is printed any more. It costs 32 marks to make an aluminum coin of 3 marks, so we have no coins, but just this worthless paper money."

Starving Berlin! Easy words to pronounce lightly, but it took me some time to realize what they really meant. I visited friends in Potsdam, old nobility internationally known, and, since it was getting late, I was asked to stay to supper. More friends were coming in. My hosts were fortunate enough to have a garden, where they kept chickens, geese, and goats, so they did not lack the necessities of living. But what they served for tea was not tea. I knew the difference. It was some herb. No maid served the meal, though the silver was marked with a crown and crowns decorated the table linen. One of the guests, a doctor, arrived a little late.

"Just in time for supper," said the

A LETTER comes from Miss De Bogory just as this article is on the press. In this letter she alludes to the emotional character of her German correspondence, but says: "It is even more applicable now than it was when I wrote it."

In one respect is this naturally not so. Outlook readers who have followed, or attempted to follow, the decline of German exchange will recognize that the cost figures given in this article are those of a few weeks ago. Only radio correspondence to a daily paper could be made timely so far as the value of the mark is concerned.

At the conclusion of this article is an editorial comment which attempts to apportion the responsibility for a terrible condition which Miss De Bogory describes. This comment contains the views of our European editorial correspondent, Dr. Elbert Francis Baldwin, who has seen both Miss De Bogory's article and the Germany of to-day.—THE EDITORS.

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lady of the house, seating him in the empty place.

"I've brought my supper with me," he said, producing a paper bag with a few sandwiches and a piece of sausage.

"Eat our supper, please," begged the hostess.

"Accept my sausage," said the doctor.

And nobody was surprised that the guest had brought his own supper, and nobody was surprised that it consisted of nothing more substantial than a few sandwiches.

I learned to use little sugar in Berlin, a thing which New York during the war had failed to accomplish, for, although there was always sugar on the table, the thousands it cost haunted me. The Berliner is very proud and hides his poverty; he entertains, and his hospitality is boundless. But the visitor whose dollar brings him 40,000 marks can have no peace, no careless visiting.

Professor Umber invited me to the Charlottenburg State Hospital, where I saw hundreds of children suffering from the various results of malnutrition. I saw the "war" children—pathetic green-skinned, undersized little things, born during the war and lacking the vitality to resist disease or to get well. I saw tubercular children of every age.

"Children who are chronically underfed are naturally prone to tuberculosis," Professor Umber explained; "rickets are also extremely common. All that the children really need is food."

He has published a paper on infantile tuberculosis founded on the examination of 2,416 children between the years 1912–20 from Charlottenburg, one of the finest sections of Berlin. According to his statistics, in 1912 there were no female infants infected between the ages of one and three. In 1916–18, the "years of want," as that period is known in Germany, 4.7 per cent were tubercular; this figure again fell to zero, and then rose to 2.9 per cent in 1920. The boys of the same ages showed 12 per cent infection in 1912–14. The figure rose to 26 per cent in 1916–18, dropped after the Armistice, and in 1920 had climbed up again to 17.6 per cent. Boys from five to six years of age presented 33 per cent infected in 1912–14, and the number rose to 57.5 per cent in 1919, and in 1920 dropped to 47.6 per cent.

"It must be remembered," Professor Umber explained, "that my last figures cover a time of comparative plenty. The war was over and conditions were fast improving. The present period, however, is in many ways just as bad as the "years of want," for there is added to the actual lack of food the sense of utter depression and indifference. It is significant that during the last year I have had seven cases of scurvy, a disease once prevalent among deep-sea sailors, and due entirely to lack of fresh vegetables. During the war we did have turnips; now even these are too expensive to buy. Most people live on thin gruel soups made with water and poor quality noodles cooked in water."

I spent a day watching the children in the clinic, where they were examined free of charge. Clean and nicely dressed women came in with well-kept children, most of whom were suffering either from abdominal pains or eczema. The doctors prodded them around and wrote invariably the same prescription: "Oatmeal."

That was all. And every day at four o'clock hundreds and hundreds of children received their oatmeal in the clinic. It was all that they needed.

One boy of twelve had come alone. His face was gray, like that of most of the children, his arms and legs thin and undeveloped. But he had a well-shaped head and an intelligent face, and his clothing was carefully mended.

"What's the trouble?" I asked him while the doctor was examining him.

"Not enough to eat," he answered simply, as though he were telling me of the rain outside.

He explained that his mother was a widow with four children, whom she supported by cleaning. The three-year-old baby was cared for by a grandmother.

"Oatmeal," said the doctor.

The statistics on undernourishment of school-children throughout Germany are overwhelming, varying between 13 per cent and 50 per cent. In 1922 70 per cent of the children had to be sent away to recuperate from chronic undernourishment. In one section, in a kindergarten of 30 children 90 per cent drank no milk because of its costliness, whereas in May of 1922 the same children had had milk. In one group of school-children from among whom 53.4 per cent had always had milk, now only 22.2 per cent were able to have it.

I went into schools and saw hundreds of children, and everywhere I saw the gray faces and sunken cheeks. An official report given to me by Dr. Luther, of the Reichstag, mentioned the fact that children often came to school without breakfast or with just hot water to drink. It stated that many children had no underwear. Being a skeptic, I personally questioned the children and made them unbutton their clothes that I might see what was underneath. In classes of about twenty-five children perhaps five stated that they tasted milk; the others drank "coffee"—a prepared substitute of course. In several such classes five or six children in each class told me that they only owned the shirts on their backs, which their mothers washed at night. A number had no underwear. The attempts at underwear were pathetic: old patched shirts were shortened—everything patched and patched. These children were not from poor homes; they were clean and well kept; their parents worked. And everywhere I saw the thin arms and legs of chronic malnutrition; the number of children with bright color was so small that I could count them. The only really fat boy I saw was tubercular and had become fat owing to a special milk diet. And I had been so glad to see him!

Everywhere the same story of misery—the struggle against the falling mark, the effort to make the mark meet the needs of bare existence. And when I felt sick at heart with the sight of the starving children and turned my eyes to the masters, I saw the same gray look and the pathetically threadbare clothes.

Hunger became a living thing to me, an entity that pursued me wherever I went. I began to see hungry people everywhere, and with my pockets crammed with thousands of marks I sat down to meals and could not eat.

I went into the homes of the poor. The same immaculate cleanliness, the same inordinate order. In one home consisting of two rooms there were two beds and a table in one room and a cupboard and a few saucepans on a stove in the other. Two lines of washing stretched across the room. A little girl of seven waited alone for her two brothers and sister to come home from school. She had nothing to play with, there was not even a chair; everything had been sold. Yes, I make a mistake when I say she was alone—a small kitten lay asleep on a bed.

"The mother receives 800 marks pension as a war widow," Pastor Schubring, head of the old people's home in Reinickendorferstrasse, said to me; "she works at cleaning and earns 5,000 marks a week. But then a pair of child's shoes costs 6,000 marks. A four-pound loaf of bread costs 606 marks—at least that was the price yesterday," he added, hastily.

This was only one family, and I saw many where the Government pension was totally insufficient to provide the barest necessities, owing to the rapidly falling mark. One educated widow received 188 marks a month pension for her dead husband; the veteran of two wars was expected to live on a pension of 1,200 marks—a sum insufficient to pay for one light breakfast.

In New York I remember talking with people who had been to Germany and who told me of the suffering and hunger. I always listened with a mental reservation, for the specter of German propaganda was still fresh in my mind. German propaganda ex-

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plained the unpleasant stories and kept my mind at peace.

But in Berlin I talked to hundreds of children and to dozens of men and women. I saw the homes and I ate the meals. And as I sat on carved chairs and supped on a few slices of bread and cheese I decided that I would try to tell how Berlin is starving, and tell it in such a way that nobody could say: "The Germans showed her what they wanted her to see. The statistics are fixed up. It is nothing but German propaganda."

I have in my possession many pages of statistics, which I have not used because I wanted to tell what I saw. And I saw what I wanted, but, being a stranger, I needed help to penetrate the lives of people, to break through the crust. So I asked to see definite things. And nobody could mislead me, for I put my own questions and talked personally with every one I saw. There were no interpreters around and nobody spoke anything but German, and I went everywhere, not so much as a stranger, but as a person who wanted to know.

And I saw everywhere nothing but hunger and valiant attempts to keep up appearances; shoddy clothes and sunken cheeks.

Pastor Schubring helped me to speak with a number of the old people in his Home. They all come from the comfortable middle class, and they paid to get into the Home after the age of sixty. Each man and woman had an attractive room, beautifully furnished, with a tiny gas stove on which to make coffee, that beloved beverage of the Germans. The home provided each person with a noon meal and 2,000 marks a month with which to buy the other necessities of life.

"We are starving," a dozen old men and women told me, "for what can 2,000 marks buy at present?"

The Home owes the gas company 2,000,000 marks for gas, which it cannot pay, so now the gas is only turned on for a short time every day. But nobody can afford to buy coffee. At the noonday meal, which consisted of a bowl of noodles boiled in water, not one person had any bread; they ate their noodles plain. And that was the only meal, for potatoes cost 500 marks per pound; the four pounds of bread necessary for one week cost 606 marks. Even one quarter of a pound of coffee, sufficient for three weeks, costs 1,650 marks. So, no matter what these old people tried, they could not get enough to eat. They could just manage to exist.

However, those among them who were still able worked to get a little extra money. Old ladies minded babies or sewed, the men swept floors—pathetic bent figures in their attractive rooms, surrounded by the collected knickknacks of a long lifetime.

"I'll show you our only rich woman," Pastor Schubring announced to me when I told him that I could not stand any more interviews.

The little old lady was delighted to see us and talked so long that her noodles got cold. But she did not mind much.

"I have coffee," she explained to me, proudly producing a thermos bottle. "You see, I have a son in America, in Rhode Island; he has a store, and he sends me a dollar in every letter."

One dollar—40,000 marks! No wonder she was so rich!

But the mark is causing still other complications. In the hospitals many of the most necessary medicines have to be dispensed with because of their high cost. Efforts are being made to find substitutes wherever possible. Patients whose recovery depends on a diet cannot receive that diet. I involuntarily overheard a conversation between the director of one of the state hospitals and somebody who was reporting to him the prices for food on that day. Apparently butter was so expensive that the director had to be consulted. He was silent for a second.

"Get enough butter for the patients," he finally said, "and let the personnel have margarine."

And he turned around to me and went on talking about the different pavilions of the hospital. This telephone conversation was apparently an every-day incident.

And during all the days that I tramped through schools and hospitals and visited families, saw prominent business men and scientists, or just drank tea in hospitable homes I was reading of the intense hostility shown in Berlin towards foreigners—how Americans were attacked and the French language forbidden. Perhaps I did not see any such outrages because the starving little German children had blotted them out.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE

OUR editorial correspondent in Europe, Dr. Elbert Francis Baldwin, confirms Miss De Bogory's description of the conditions from which the great mass of people in Germany suffer. He knows Germany well. For three years he was a student at the University of Berlin. He has repeatedly visited Germany and speaks German fluently. He was in Germany at the outbreak of the war in 1914. He has been in Germany recently.

"Similar statements," Dr. Baldwin has said since seeing Miss De Bogory's article, "were made to me in Cologne by the head of one of the great trusts operating on the lower Rhine. As this German magnate spoke there was waiting for him outside the door one of a number of automobiles owned by him—a superb limousine. The building in which we were—one of the most imposing buildings in the city of Cologne—was wholly occupied by the offices of his trust, and was lavishly furnished, indicating not only wealth but extravagance.

There is no question about the fact that the working classes and the professorial classes are suffering severely. They are suffering because the industrialists have been getting proportionately rich, and they are suffering because they have been sacrificed by the Government to a reckless political theory. The Government is simply the tool of the industrialists. The Cuno Government could not stand a day but for the support it receives from the great magnates who are getting rich at the expense of the people whom Miss De Bogory describes.

These industrialists, in the first place, have evaded taxes. Taxes, anyway, in Germany are far below what they are in France or England. In the second place, the industrialists have forced the depression of the mark, and at each new fall they have enriched themselves and proportionately impoverished the German masses. In the third place, the industrialists have taken advantage of the fact that they have to keep gold in foreign countries for the purpose of markets, and they have increased those holdings by incredible amounts. All this gold has been taken out of Germany to the destruction of the German currency and the impoverishment of the German people."

We quote these words from Dr. Baldwin because we believe it is necessary for Americans to remember that the evils from which Germany suffers have not been brought upon her by France or Britain or America, but by Germany herself. If the German people had insisted on the payment of reparations as they insisted on paying the cost of their aggressive warfare, and if they had prevented German magnates from profiting by the deliberate destruction of French industry, agriculture, and resources, if the many billions of gold marks sent out of the country had been kept in Germany, and if proper taxes had been levied and collected, the situation which Miss De Bogory so pathetically describes would have been prevented—and prevented by the only people that could have prevented it, the Germans themselves.

THE EDITORS.

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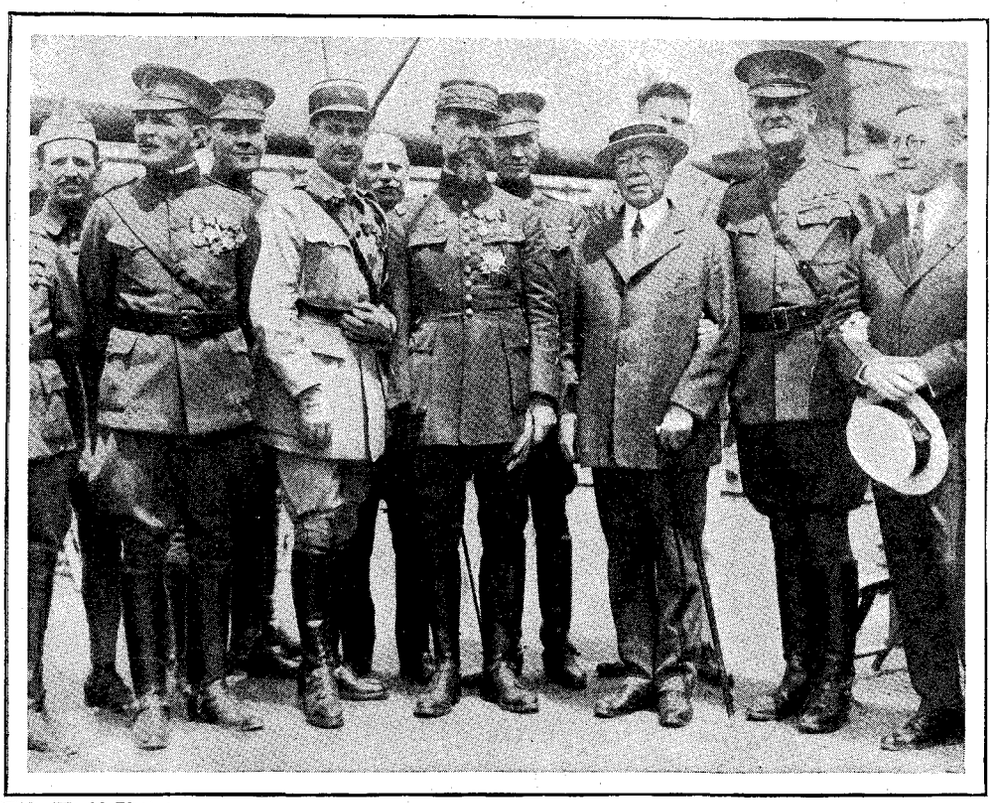

Wide World Photos

GENERAL GOURAUD ARRIVING IN AMERICA

General Gouraud will tour the country after a brief stay in New York. He is one of France's foremost soldiers. He lost his right arm in the Dardanelles during the Great War

Acme Service

IMMIGRANTS FROM ITALY SALUTING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY FROM THEIR SHIP, THE GIULIO CESARE

Some of these enthusiastic sons of Italy may be doomed to disappointment when they get nearer to Liberty, as they may be returned because they exceed their "quota"

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VISITATION

International

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA, IN SICILY

P. & A. Photos

DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY THE ERUPTION—SCENE AT GIARRE, ONE OF THE TOWNS NEAR THE VOLCANO

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DEMOCRACY IN THE LAND OF DICTATORS

CHINESE COMMUNITY GOVERNMENT, IN SOME RESPECTS UNIQUELY EFFICIENT, CARRIES ON REGARDLESS OF THE VICISSITUDES OF OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATION

BY UPTON CLOSE

WHY is it that China to-day is the most unsettled and at the same time the most settled of countries? It maintains probably the lowest percentage of individual violent crime of any country in the world, yet at the same time wandering bands of Robin Hoods exact tribute from defenseless towns and ambitious outlaws recruit personal armies to fight their battles. The fundamental processes of society have been less menaced in China than here in the West, and her trade, both internal and external, has continued to increase, yet during the last ten years of disruption official authority has faded away to a mere shadow. In the picturesque phraseology of the street—"how come?"

The answer is this: There exists in China to-day a system of local government, based on village communes and city guilds, so solidly founded and so effective in operation that, without attracting notice, it does the real work of government while the spectacular official authority totters on the brink of final ruin. This government of the people, not that imposed by the mandarins, is responsible for the stability of Chinese society under conditions which would mean brutal chaos in any other land; it is this that holds in check individual aberrant impulses. The Imperial power, operating through the mandarinate, may best be described as a sort of presiding genius that exists in isolated splendor far above any physical contact with the people. In its flourishing days it operated under a pretended mandate from heaven, dealing with the barbarians without and conducting various humanitarian and administrative projects affecting the masses within. But the true government always existed and still remains underneath, hardly impaired by the convulsions of the past few years.

It is here that we must look for the source of vitality that may prove China's salvation; for undoubtedly the people's government is the greatest force for good in the country to-day. Vestiges of the old corrupt hierarchy of the mandarinate—the power which held the attention of disappointed Western financiers and diplomats—still remain; and the quicker the Chinese get rid of the last of these vestiges, the happier they will be. China's was originally a dual system of government, of which the communal authority has survived in full strength, while the Imperial power exists to-day as a weak, wheezy engine of government, alleged to be republican, but in reality the same old imperialism painted over. Before passing on to a discussion of the local institutions, it might be well for us to trace the origin and development of the curious dual system of Chinese government.

Among the dicta of philosophers and Court chronicles, which make the bulk of early Chinese literature, are to be found certain data showing the trend of political evolution. There is, for example, a sort of administrative handbook of the Chou kings (about 1000 B.C.) which explains the origin of the dual system about as follows. As families or clans grew and fixed their territorial boundaries, a few men became powerful enough to make good their claim to sovereignty over large areas. Such were the five mythical rulers, the three benevolent kings, and the Hsia, Shang, and Chou dynasties. But the population over an enormous territory increased so rapidly that the kings found it quite impossible to occupy all their domains and consolidate their gains. Always in vast frontier sections, where the throne was nothing more than a tradition, leaders of clans remained undisputed rulers. Even a great hero was unable, as often happens, to attract followers by the mere mention of his name, because, no matter how remarkable his exploits, they never overcame the inborn Chinese feeling of family unity and reverence for paterfamilias. Perhaps the case might have been different if, as in Japan, the struggle with aboriginal peoples had been long and difficult; kings might then have been supreme. In China kings were, by the force of circumstances, compelled to exist side by side with patriarchalism instead of superseding it. The throne tended more and more to become a thing of culture and religion, while the understanding grew that actual physical control of persons rested in communal institutions. Only as Chinese dynasties acquiesced in this principle did they attain dignity and longevity; even foreign dynasties were tolerated could they but learn the lesson.

There were, to be sure, certain rebellious kings who indulged in experiments. The most notable, perhaps, was Chin Shih, who succeeded in welding China into a semblance of an empire, but he had to burn the people's books and bury their sages to do it. For over two millenniums every passer-by has recalled the outraged feelings of his ancestors by spitting upon the unmarked mound near Sianfu where rest Chin Shih's remains. By way of contrast to Chin Shih is the "Great Enlightened" Emperor of the Tang dynasty. Because he stood as the supreme arbiter in matters cultural, but attempted no arbitrary direction of the persons of his subjects, he remains to this day their ideal of a "Son of Heaven."

Originally of course village communities were purely patriarchal, consisting mainly of persons of the same surname. Even now most of them are designated by such names as the "Shih Family Village," while in a good many others a single surname predominates, as in the town of Sunning, near Canton, whence come seven-tenths of the Chinese among us who are predominantly surnamed Chen. But the lapse of centuries has changed the strict patriarchal nature of the old communities, chiefly because time has added many names to the hundred traditional clans. Centuries ago local affairs were settled at the clan gathering held during the spring festival, when disputes were adjudicated and records brought up to date. Now, when many villages include members of several clans, the political power is embodied in a separate village gathering of all residents—men, women, and children.

It has been customary in old-established villages for the entire population to assume responsibility for its distinctly delimited domain of tillable land divided into individual freeholds. Native landowners are entitled to full protection of their rights as long as they remain residents of the community. In the case of a non-resident (or an outsider) the right to keep title to part of a village domain as well as protection for crops and landmarks is secured only through the intervention of the mandarins. New villages are constantly springing up, founded by rebels against community discipline, but theirs is a long fight to attain sufficient prestige to be recognized as one of the fraternity of self-supporting communities of the neighborhood. I have seen residents of new aggregations in Shantung reduced to hewers of wood and drawers of water for their neighbors or compelled to pay a heavy share of their crops for the privilege of being represented in district and county affairs through the head of a neighboring village. When an independent status is

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THE POLICE OF TIENTSIN DRAWN UP IN A HOLLOW SQUARE AND BESIEGED BY THE GUILD MEMBERS OF THE CITY, IN WHICH POSITION THEY WERE HELD FOR THREE DAYS UNTIL THEIR CHIEF CAPITULATED TO THE POPULAR WILL

reached, it is the signal for a celebration, generally marked by the erection of a temple to the earth god, which is also the village forum.

Here, under the chairmanship of respected members of the community, occurs the annual election of the village head man, an event that curiously reflects the Chinese instinct for attacking a problem passively rather than actively. The process is one of elimination. An elder or the last incumbent suggests a possible candidate for the office, only to have his nomination howled down by different factions; whereupon he suggests another name, and keeps on suggesting until he hits on one that arouses little comment. This ends the election, provided kinsmen of the popular gentleman furnish sufficient guaranty of his integrity.

In cities the political unit is determined by occupation instead of territory, the craftsmen's and tradesmen's guilds taking the place of communes. Master craftsmen and head merchants correspond to village elders, and through membership in the guilds represent politically their employees and their apprentices, who become members of their masters' families until their term expires. The guilds are conducted on lines similar to the village communes, but exhibit a somewhat greater versatility and energy in their activities.

Such, then, are the democratic units at the basis of Chinese local government. How are they connected with officialdom? In thinly populated regions the village head man sometimes deals directly with the mandarin, but it is much more likely that between the two there is a buffer in the person of a district head man representing a group of villages. This liaison official is usually a favorite of the mandarin, selected through elimination after a careful canvass of possible objections to his candidates. Through him and his staff of assistants (a sort of constables) the very small sums paid by the Chinese in direct taxes are collected; which, no doubt, accounts for his unpopularity.

The same position of buffer between the people and officialdom is held in the cities by the union of guilds, called the chamber of commerce; but of course they are far more representative of the people than district heads. In addition to such general duties as adjusting differences between guilds, they fix the standards of weights, measures, and currency. They maintain the sanctity of contract and adjudicate most disputes in the business world. Since they act as guarantors of all concerns in the community, they have the power to liquidate any business suspected to be unsound. All bankruptcy proceedings are instituted through them, although the official seal is usually required on the announcement. Their field of action is so broad that very little opportunity is left for irresponsible business methods or blue sky operations.

The force behind decisions of all these popular tribunals in China is public opinion. Except for a district head none of them has authority to inflict punishments other than fines, although it is only fair to state that the fines imposed may be so severe as to extend to complete deprivation of

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goods—and even the district head, who may impose sentences including corporal punishment, cannot inflict the death penalty. They need not worry about enforcement measures, for they wield an extremely powerful weapon in ostracism. Nowhere is it harder than in China for the criminal or civic offender to escape the consequences of his acts. Where shall he go when every community demands official certification from his village or guild connections before admitting him to good standing? He might appeal his case to the mandarin; but it is generally felt, and with good reason, that to do so is only to offer one's self a willing sacrifice to official extortioners. I have known cases where the appellant was held in horrid conditions of confinement until ransomed by kinsmen at the cost of the family estate; and if he were a pauper he was lucky to escape with a beating. So the man who resists communal decisions faces social ruin then and there, and business ruin if he appeal to the Imperial authorities.

Emigration, soldiery, or banditry are the only alternatives for the ostracized. A number of the outlaws who recently held Americans and other foreigners for ransom in Shantung were disbanded soldiers of "King" Chang Tso-lin in Manchuria, who were denied reinstatement to their old farms or trades by their communes and guilds because of the contumely in which the soldier is popularly held.

In serious criminal cases, particularly those involving the death penalty, such as burglary, adultery on the part of women, murder, and banditry, the authority of the official magistrate is generally recognized; although even here the magistrate must appeal higher up in his mandarinate before executing his sentences, while the apprehension of the criminal is usually left to local authorities. So, although the magistrate has a certain recognized standing to which he has added what dignity there may be in becoming official custodian of the communal records and in bringing his official seal into play at a good fee per impression, his excuse for existence, generally speaking, is that he inspires dread where local authority fails to protect and regulate.

Absolute control in matters other than local—those involving communications, military establishment, policy toward the outsider, the recruiting system (classical examinations), and internal politics of the official hierarchy—has been the never-to-be-questioned prerogative of the mandarinate. Any tendency of the communal democracies to expand their scope was repressed by the most cruel and censorious measures. "Don't Talk National Affairs" reads the Imperial poster which has not yet come down from the walls of certain tea-houses in the interior. The penalty for political gossip was death. The result of course was that first fear, and then its natural outgrowth, indifference, limited the outlook of the Chinese populace to their local affairs; a field in which, through their proclivity for occupational organizations, they have kept officialdom at a safe distance.

But this condition of affairs is today undergoing a rapid and steady change. We have been accustomed to thinking of China as the land of dictators, when, as a matter of fact, dictatorship has never planted its roots deeply in the life of the people. The much-talked-of military dictatorships, for example, are in reality even more shallow of root than the imperialism of the past. They exist simply because the communes, unconstituted for sudden expansion, failed to understand, and therefore to participate in, the movement of twelve years ago when idealists conjured up the fabric of a republican system. The mandarinate did understand at that time—to the extent that it was quick to see in it a means of perpetuating its tottering self. It seized upon democratic forms and names as a cloak under which the old personnel might continue its despotic tradition. When the throne went, its members, rather than become subordinate to local popular authority, attached themselves to military adventurers to keep their heads above water. But year by year this business of military adventuring becomes more precarious, and the mandarinate, from President and Cabinet down, becomes less stable. At the same time communal government gains in strength and solidifies its gains, ever encroaching farther upon the once undisputed prerogatives of the mandarinate.

The vigor of this trend is well illustrated by very recent developments in the city police departments. These were established some years ago as tools of the mandarinate, but the guilds, by using their control of municipal revenue as a leverage, have acquired power to veto police appointments not to their liking—a practice which has not in the least impaired the generally high efficiency of the police. In the very recent quarrel between President Li Yuan-hung and the "Christian General" Feng Yu-hsiang in Peking an attempt by the latter's faction to bring about a reign of terror for political purposes through a police strike was quickly frustrated by the Peking guilds, which were not interested in the quarrel, and forced the police back on the job after their first day's walk-out. In many instances attempts of mandarins to remove certain officials have been met with defiant refusals to comply. Once in Tientsin I saw a police chief who had acted contrary to the wishes of the community besieged with his entire force by ten thousand adherents of the city guilds. Armed with food and blankets, the mob surrounded the police department with a solid wall of humanity. For the next three days Boy Scouts and the emergency corps of the Chamber of Commerce did all the necessary policing of the city.

What most interests us of course is whether or not the expanding guild power will assume responsibility for the protection of foreign prerogatives, lives, and property. This is a subject for fuller treatment, but in passing it may be said that the feeling in the guilds and communes is that the foreigner should have equal, although not his former privileged, consideration. It is worthy of note that in the recent Shantung kidnapping case the National Association of Chambers of Commerce in Shanghai sent delegates to offer to find exchange hostages for the foreigners or to put up (in view of Peking's poverty) the required ransom money. These delegates called upon the diplomatic corps and promised that the time is soon coming when China's guildsmen will be able to assure friendly governments against a recurrence of such incidents. Surely this shows good will enough, and a growing spirit of responsibility in international relations—far more concern than would be aroused for a few Chinese citizens by merchants of any Western state were the circumstances reversed.

We do not need to fear that despotism will ever gain a permanent hold in China; republican ideals are altogether too strong and too solidly founded to allow that. But whether or not republicanism grows to be national in scope depends entirely on the development of the guilds and village communes. There is no other way. To the Chinese, territorial and individual representation is meaningless. If these local institutions are to take over with any degree of success the difficult problems now facing the nation, they must, above all, adopt a more aggressive attitude. It is true that they maintain a certain social security, and even prosperity, by acting passively in restraint of native military adventurers; that passive resistance at a favorable juncture was able to force Japan out of the eighteen provinces. But a far more formidable type of national defense is really needed.

The beginning of organization on a super-local scale which is seen in the provincial and nation-wide guild associations now springing up is encouraging. Many complicating factors are demanding a rapid growth of political competence, such as developing industrialism with its business ramifica-

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tions into a thousand distant communes, the pressure of impersonal capitalism on the guild unity of master and man, the lack of cheap and effective transit, the need of an impoverished people to tap the vast untouched resources of wealth in land and minerals. Even the Western nations have but partly solved these problems which call for intelligent and versatile mass action. Whether China will ultimately give to the world an example of a republic, *genre nouveau*, able to cope with the perplexities of modern society, is an interesting question. The evidences that she will and the difficulties that lie in her path are fit matter for further discussion.

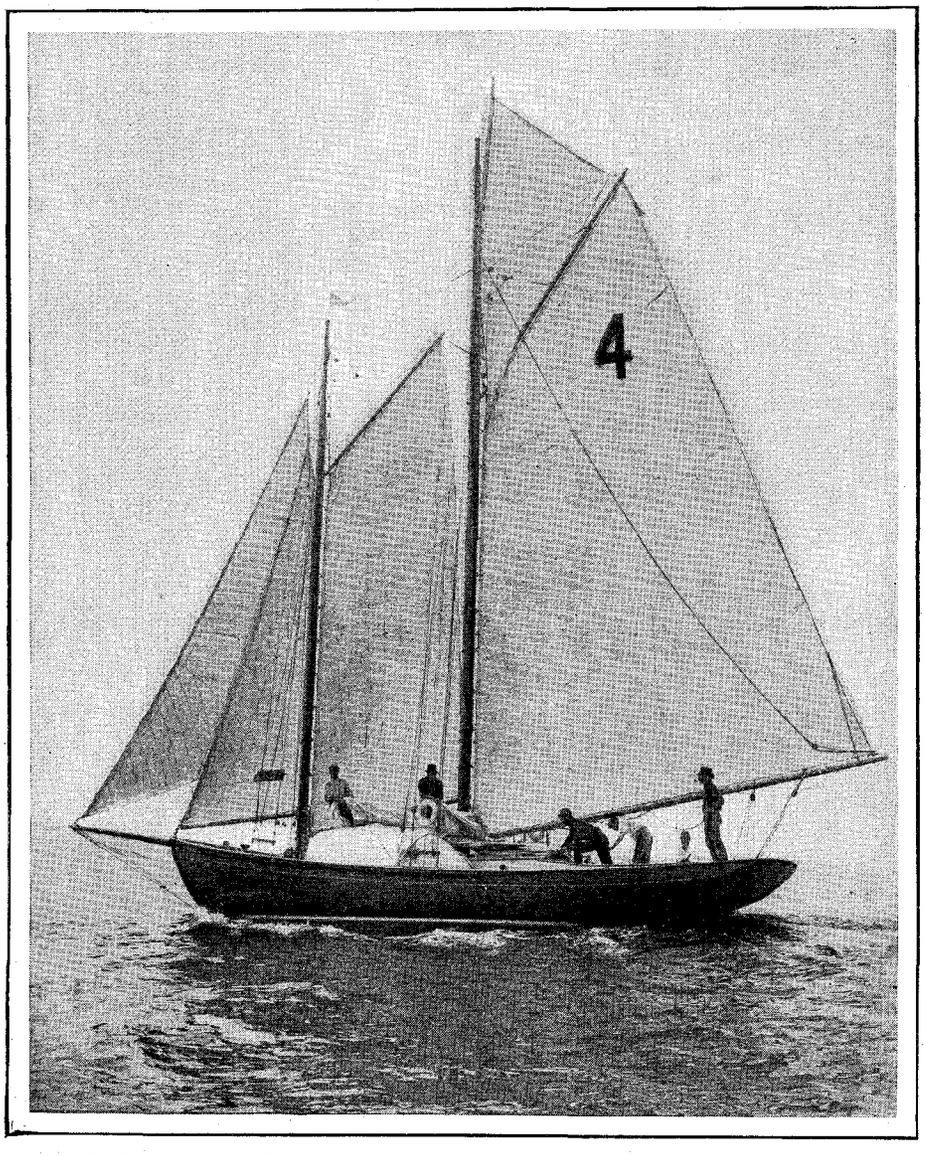
THE BERMUDA RACE

BY HERBERT L. STONE

EDITOR OF "YACHTING"

OCEAN racing may not be a sport that appeals to every one, as it entails a certain amount of hardship and discomfort, but it is a game that calls for nerve, daring, and skill of a high order in those who participate in it; and for these reasons, as well as because of the uncertainty in the outcome, it makes a strong appeal to the imagination. So much can happen between the time that the land fades in the horizon mist after the departure is taken and the time, days or weeks later, the goal rises out of the sea ahead that the result is always uncertain. The race is not always won by the fastest boat, but by the crew that does the most driving and shows the best judgment through the varying conditions of wind and sea that one meets.

It had been so long since there was an ocean race of any length that many had begun to suspect that the present generation had lost its stomach for adventure on the high seas and were content to do their yachting in sheltered waters and their racing around short fifteen-mile triangles that could be sailed in a few hours. So when the ocean race to Bermuda was proposed this year it seemed doubtful if many yachtsmen would be willing to enter and sail the long course of nearly 700 miles across the Gulf Stream, over one of the meanest stretches of waters in the whole North Atlantic. But these doubts were dispelled on the morning of June 12, when 22 yachts swung at their anchors in New London Harbor with their crews making sail for the start, which took place off the old port whence our ancestors used to put forth to hunt whale from seventy-five to a hundred years ago.



MALABAR IV, WINNER IN CLASS A, AND ALSO IN ALL CLASSES ON CORRECTED TIME. SHE MADE 204 MILES IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A ROUGH SEA

These 22 boats ranged in size from 37 to 80 feet in length over-all, and were skippered, navigated, and manned by amateurs, the first time that an ocean race of this length has ever been sailed by strictly amateur crews. This does not mean that there were no professionals aboard, for a number of the boats carried a paid cook and here and there a paid hand who was part of the regular crew, but the conditions required that master, navigator, and those who actually sailed the boat should be amateurs. It was a fine fleet, probably the finest that had ever been gathered together for a race of this kind, and some of the boats were new or almost new, and many were of the so-called "fisherman type," a new development of some of our naval architects—boats designed to go to sea and stay at sea with safety and comfort. In order to keep the yachts as near of a size as possible, the fleet was divided into two classes—one of schooners, ketches, and yawls from 35 to 52 feet over-all, and one of boats of the same rig 53 to 70 feet over-all. There was one sloop in the fleet, the Herreshoff cruiser, Flying Cloud, and, as she had no competitor, she was matched against the yawl Memory, a boat of the same size and the same general type; while the large schooner Ladona, 80 feet in length, having no competitor, was raced in a special match against the new schooner Isabel Q, 65 feet long.

When the time for the start came, a light northerly breeze was blowing which sent the 14 boats of the larger class away at ten o'clock, and so anxious were the sailors on two of the boats to be first away that they got over the line before the gun and had to come back. The start is one that

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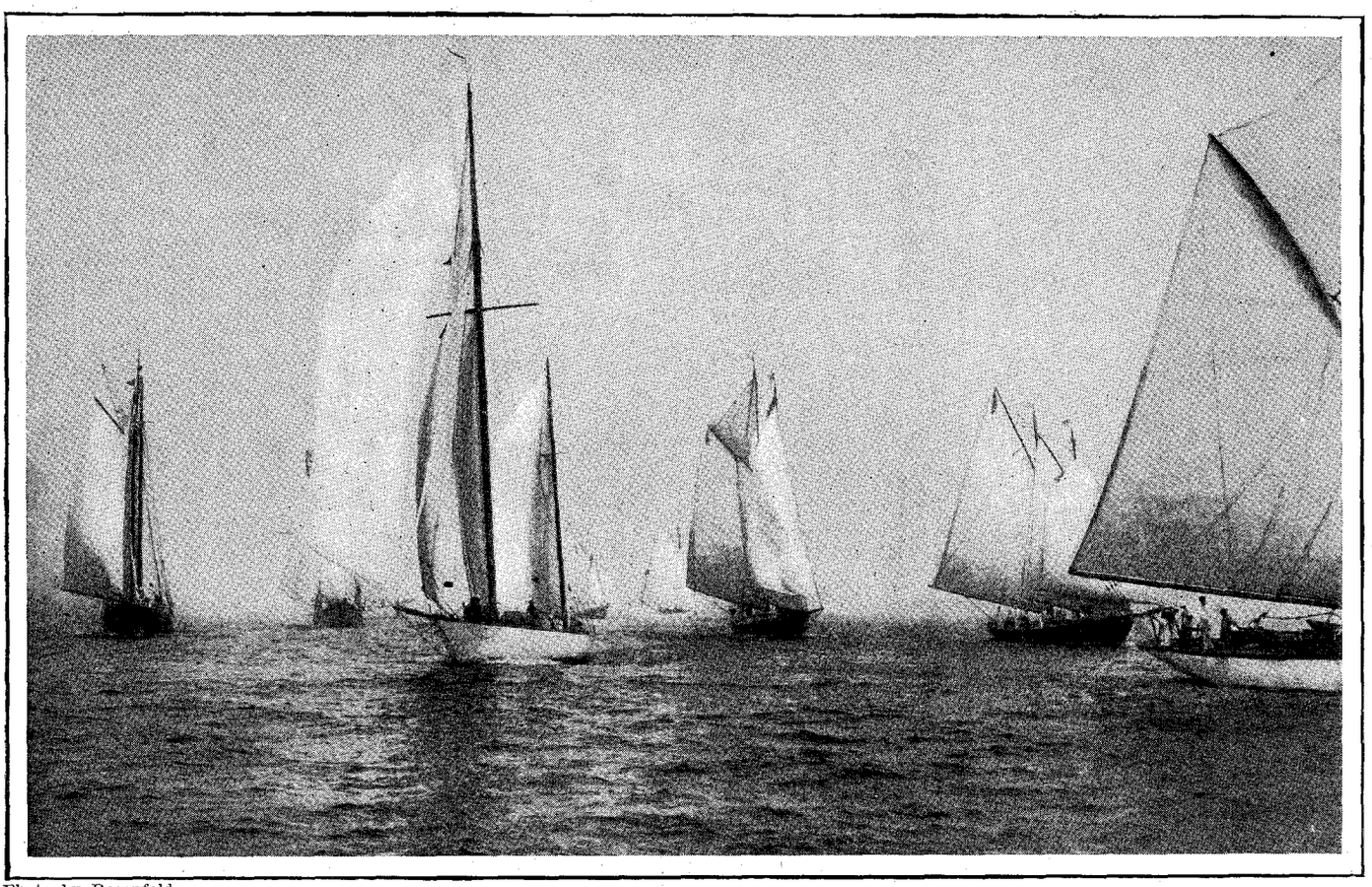

Photo by Rosenfeld

START OF CLASS B. (MEMORY, THE WINNER OF CLASS B, IS THE WHITE YAWL IN THE FOREGROUND)

will never be forgotten by those who were lucky enough to be aboard the competing yachts. For no sooner were the boats away, well bunched at the sound of the gun, than their crews broke into cheers that were taken up by those on the large fleet of yachts and power boats which had come all the way to New London to speed the racers on their long journey. After the start the leaders ran into light air, so that the smaller division, starting ten minutes later, could profit by their plight, and sailed round them on the edge of a new breeze, so that an hour after the start the smaller boats were even with or ahead of the larger ones that had started earlier. When the new breeze came in, it came from the southeast, bringing with it fog, which quickly shut out the boats one from another, and as they felt their way silently and cautiously down to Montauk Point they were ghosting along in a mist that shut out everything over a couple of hundred feet away.

It is 662 miles from New London to St. David's Head, Bermuda, on the course the racers took, and on account of the fog many of them had to take a departure from Montauk Point without seeing the Point at all or getting a definite "fix" from which to leave the land. Once clear of the land, the skippers set their various courses for Bermuda as their judgment dictated, some standing off to the southwest to make a fair wind of the easterly which was now blowing and trying to offset the current of the Gulf Stream (which would set them to the east) before they would reach the Stream, while others, close hauled on the wind, set a straight course for the islands.

As afternoon wore on the wind freshened; sea routine was in order, things were secured on deck, watches were set not to be broken except in case of necessity until the islands were picked up, and every one cracked on sail and started the long drive. It was nasty and cold that night and the sea got up with the wind, so that when supper time came there were a number on nearly every boat who were not particularly interested in what the cook served up. The next day conditions were worse and the fleet was pretty well scattered, so that many of them had no other sail in sight, though here and there one yacht would sight the sail of another on the horizon, but so far off as not to be able to make her out.

The easterly hung on all the next day and increased, so that the skippers of all the boats were driving them to their limit of speed in spite of an ever-increasing sea that slopped aboard and made getting around the decks difficult without holding on to the life-lines that had been rigged fore and aft on most of the boats. By that night most of the fleet were in the northern edge of the Gulf Stream, which is here about 200 miles wide, and feeling the Gulf Stream sea which a two days' easterly had kicked up. Still there was no let-up and every one was driving to the limit, the yawl Memory in the larger division making about 218 miles in twenty-four hours, and the little Malabar IV, a new schooner in the smaller division, covering 204 miles in twenty-four hours, probably the fastest that a boat 35 feet on the water-line has ever been driven at sea. They were beginning to get some of the Gulf Stream "dirt," however, and that night there were squalls in which many had to shorten sail and which were forerunners of a shift of wind to the north, which later went to southwest and started to breeze up. That second day in the Stream was one which few of the crews will forget, as the shift of wind brought a vicious cross-sea which shook the boats up considerably and kept freshening as the day advanced, with a wicked-looking sky that forced most of the skippers to reef or set storm trysails before dark the next night.

The going was too rough for a number of the boats, so they shortened down and lay to in order to save strain on gear as well as on crews, who now were beginning to feel the hardships, especially as on many of the boats the galley department had gone out of business and there had been no hot food for over twenty-four hours. In fact, the galley department is usually one of the first to play out on a race of this kind, as it takes a man with iron will and a strong stomach to stick

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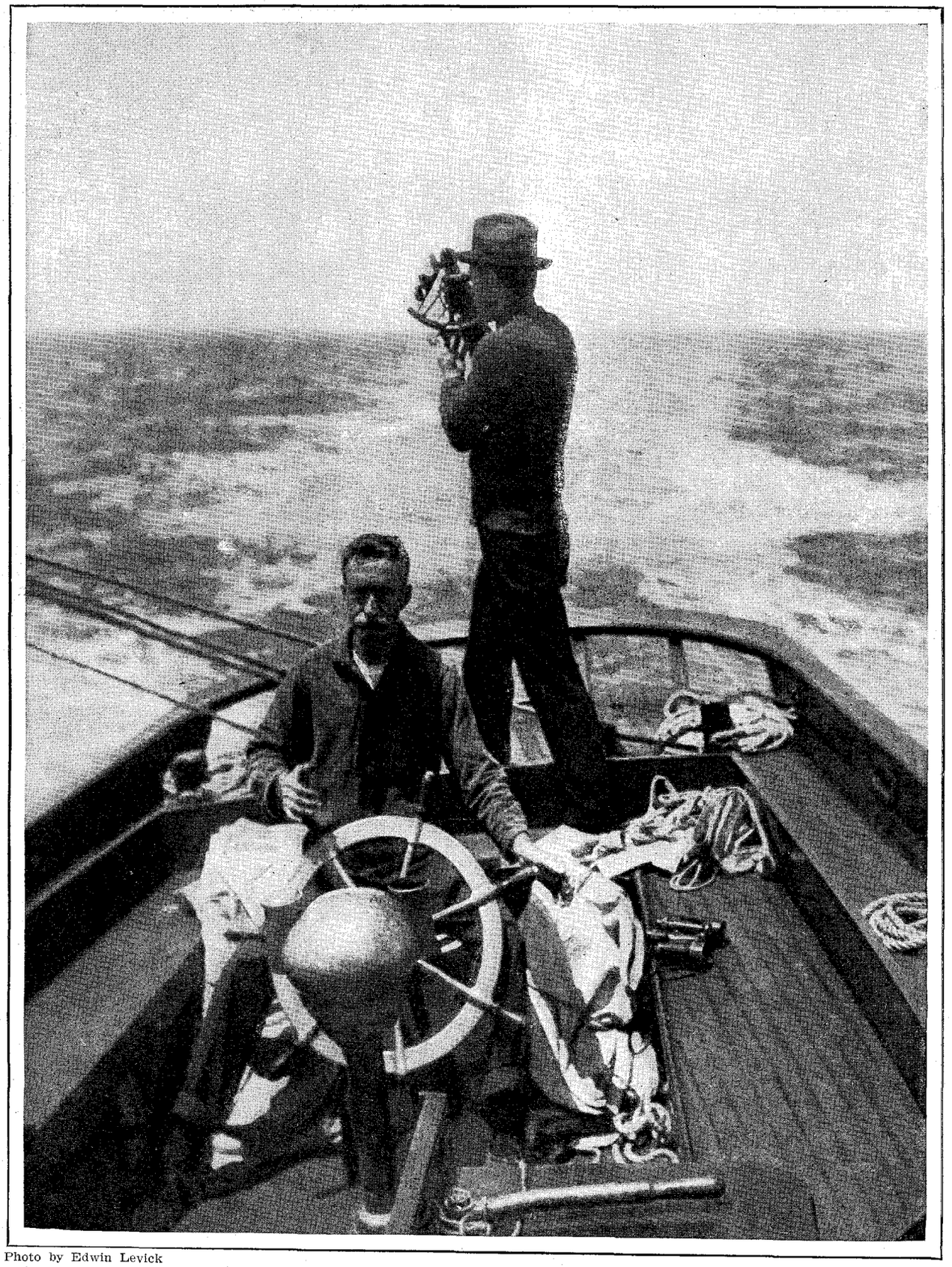

Photo by Edwin Levick

ON BOARD OF SUNBEAM—THE AUTHOR OF THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE (H. L. STONE) TAKING A SIGHT; THE OWNER OF SUNBEAM (S. D. BAKER) AT THE WHEEL

to it and cook on a little boat jumping like an unbroken bronco, or sailing "on her ear," so that one has to hang on by a line rigged from the deck beams. The navigator also has his troubles under such conditions, for taking an accurate sight in a little boat close to the water when one can hardly keep his balance and the spray coming aboard drenches the sextant or a big sea rearing up in the foreground spoils the horizon just as he has brought the sun down is no easy job. Take it from one who did it on the way to Bermuda and back!

Most of the boats were in the Stream from twenty-four to thirty hours, and it was during this time that the little Sea Call, smallest of the fleet, broke her main boom in the hard breeze and all hands piled up on deck and looked ruefully at the mess, thinking that there went their chances. However, it took more than that to stop her crew, for, breaking out some slats from their bunks, they mended, or "fished," as the technical phrase is,

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MEMORY—THE WINNER OF CLASS B AND THE HOLDER OF THE RECORD FOR THE BEST ELAPSED TIME IN THE BERMUDA RACE

the broken spar, and in a couple of hours more they were again in the race, following after their particular foe, the little Bermuda yawl Dainty.

The next day found most of the boats south of the Stream, where they had some 225 miles of better sailing until they reached the islands. But the wind was not going to give them much of a chance even yet, and it backed to S. S. E., so that most of the yachts were close hauled with booms well aft in order to lay the course. The sea had smoothed, however, and the sun came out; wet clothes and bedding were brought out on deck to dry, and life as a whole took on a cheerier aspect. It was the navigator who had his worries then, for Bermuda is but a pinprick in the Atlantic, and with poor sights one was apt to miss the islands entirely. But to the credit of them all they made the land, and, while some did not quite "hit it on the nose," none of them got by the islands, so that they had to come back, although a number, owing to the persistent head wind, got too far to the eastward and had a long beat up to the finish line.

The first boat to finish was the Memory—which made the islands in the night and crossed between the Committee boat and St. David's Head Lighthouse just before 3 A.M., burned her flare, and when told that they were the first boat to finish her crew started an impromptu celebration then and there while waiting for the pilot to come aboard. She did not have much to spare, however, for a little over two hours later Sea Farer showed up, followed soon after daylight by the little Malabar IV, which had been driven by her owner, John G. Alden, and her crew every foot of the 662 miles that separated New London and Bermuda. Early in the afternoon seven boats of the fleet were seen approaching the line at one time, splitting tacks as they beat up the last five miles to the finish line, and these seven finished within one hour and twenty-six minutes, three of them crossing within fifty-two seconds of one another after sailing nearly 700 miles and seeing nothing of one another from the time that the fog shut them in at the start. It was the closest finish that has ever been recorded of an ocean race of this kind. Still more boats finished during the afternoon, among them the little yawl Dainty, the Bermuda entry, which won second place, and the Sea Call, a ketch of about the same length. These two boats were in sight of each other for four out of the five days and fought it out every mile of the way.

Land certainly looked good to the tired crews, who had been at it for five days, with but little sleep and often with very little food in their systems, and as the pilots brought them into Hamilton Harbor the cheers of the Bermudians who lined the water-front were welcome music to their ears. It was a great race, well and daringly sailed, and as the crews gathered in the hospitable club-house of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club that night and swapped experiences there was not one of them that did not feel that the race might have been theirs, *if*— The race proved beyond a doubt

RESULT OF OCEAN YACHT RACE, NEW LONDON TO BERMUDA
START, JUNE 12, 1923

CLASS A

Boat	Owner	Finish	Elapsed Time	Allowance	Corrected Time
Malabar IV	J. G. Alden	6.21.40 A.M. 17th	115.31.40	.30 min.	115.01.40
Dainty	A. Darrell	5.09.01 P.M. 17th	126.19.01	10.30 min.	115.49.01
Sea Call	L. Neitsch	6.26.30 P.M. 17th	127.36.30	11.24.12	116.12.18
Damaris	D. Atwater	1.56.33 P.M. 17th	123.06.33	6.30	116.36.33
Mary Ann	John Parkinson	4.50.00 P.M. 17th	126.00.00	6.30	119.30.00
Surprise	M. S. Kattenhorn	4.42.36 P.M. 17th	125.52.36	3.30	122.22.36
Wanderer	D. Henwood	3.55.40 A.M. 18th	137.05.40	11.24.12	125.41.28
Gauntlet	A. E. Dingle	11.28.04 A.M. 18th	144.38.04	Scratch	144.38.04

CLASS B

Memory	R. N. Bavier	2.58.45 A.M. 17th	112.18.45	6.27	105.51.45
Flying Cloud	L. Grinnell	2.24.07 P.M. 17th	123.44.07	9.48	113.56.07
Sea Farer	S. B. Coffin	5.26.00 A.M. 17th	114.46.00	Scratch	114.46.00
Sunbeam	S. D. Baker	3.15.32 P.M. 17th	124.35.32	4.30	120.05.32
Caroline	Roger Young	1.48.45 P.M. 17th	123.08.45	2.12	120.56.33
Black Hawk	W. H. Hand	3.14.40 P.M. 17th	124.34.40	3.09	121.25.40
Bagheera	C. Brown	3.15.07 P.M. 17th	124.35.07	3.09	121.26.07
Whistler	E. Brayton	7.04.30 P.M. 17th	128.24.30	6.00	122.24.30
Ariel	J. S. & R. Johnston	3.28.34 A.M. 18th	136.48.45	11.42	125.06.45
Lloyd W. Berry	J. S. Hillier	5.31.40 A.M. 18th	138.51.40	2.00	136.51.40
Hilda	R. W. Palmer	11.47.58 A.M. 18th	144.57.58	12.39	132.18.58
Isabel Q	Francis Minot	6.51.10 A.M. 19th	164.11.10	.18	163.53.10

SPECIAL CLASS "SCHOONERS"

Ladona	H. Loring	11.33.31 A.M. 17th	120.53.30	Scratch	120.53.30
Isabel Q	F. Minot	6.51.10 A.M. 19th	164.11.10	14.15	149.56.10

SPECIAL CLASS "SLOOPS"—NO HANDICAP

Memory	R. N. Bavier	2.58.45 A.M. 17th	112.18.45
Flying Cloud	F. B. Draper	3.03.49 P.M. 17th	124.23.49

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that the spirit that made our ancestors carry the flag to the far corners of the earth in the old days of sail has not been entirely lost in the Anglo-Saxon race.

It took the Memory, owned by R. N. Bavier, the winner in her class, 112 hours and 18 minues to make the passage. The schooner Flying Cloud was second, the Sea Farer third, and the Sunbeam fourth in the larger class. The Malabar IV, owned by J. G. Alden, who was her designer, won in the smaller division, and on corrected time all classes together. The little Bermuda yawl Dainty was second. The schooner Ladona, Homer Loring, won over the Isabel Q., and the Sea Call, Dr. L. Neitsch, won the prize for those boats without a paid hand of any kind.

SAVING BRAINS

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

NO matter what kind of test is used, it is only too obvious that a high degree of intelligence is very rare. This of course is but natural. Doubtless it is something that has always been recognized. The remarkable point, however, is that, instead of conserving and making useful this high ability, we have promptly gone about to destroy it whenever it has been found in a child. Now of course we have not purposely destroyed it, but if such had been our purpose we could not have gone about it more effectively.

This has been the usual procedure. In some way or other a child has been found to be "bright" far beyond the average. Promptly parents and teacher have gone straight to work to see how much school stuff could be crammed into that particular young mind. If the child has been kept in school, then great has been the advertising of the fact that grammar school was left behind at the tender age of—something or other—and that a year or two more completed the high school, and the prodigy goes to college at twelve or thirteen, with photographs in the papers, and so on. And perhaps at the end of the first college year we find him giving lectures on the fourth dimension to astonished professors—if we can believe report. And then the news seems to give out, and of that prodigy we hear no more. There are often very good reasons for the silence. The writer knows of one who is now engaged in pushing baggage about a freight office—and that is about the limit of his present intelligence.

It is true of course that some hardy souls survive the process and manage to do well after having absorbed, like human sponges, such matters as are thought by our colleges to be essential for potential citizens and people of culture. But it is far too rarely realized that merely getting through school and college early is not a particularly valuable achievement, even if the precocious intelligence does stand the strain. In fact, one of the most valuable—if not the most valuable—matters to be gained in school and college comes through the associations with other and diverse humans. And college men, in any large numbers, are not likely to associate on even terms with juveniles in short trousers. In fact, these unfortunates miss the best part of the whole experience. They perforce lead narrow lives—isolated both from others of their physical age and those of their mental experience. And so their fine mentalities never get the breadth of experience necessary for an effective, all-around development, provided it develops in any useful way at all—useful for themselves as well as for society.

Society has a great responsibility when it discovers children of above-average mentality. There are far too few who are able to plan, to direct, to lead, to organize, and so on. It is most essential, then, that the potentially very able be discovered young, and then that their training and care be planned so that the development will be normal, broad, and natural.

Several schools, to the writer's knowledge, are already tackling this important problem. A large private school for girls—progressive, though not foolishly so—is handling the matter in this thoroughly rational fashion:

Intelligence tests, as well as routine school work, co-operate to discover the superior intelligence. And it might be said that these intelligence tests are not of the usual kind, that are, after all, based almost entirely on school-acquired knowledge. The tests used go back to those fundamentals upon which intelligence must depend—such as rapid recognition, rapid co-ordination, simple association, and visual and auditory memories, for instance. The number who attain an "I. Q." over 115 is of course quite small, but nevertheless this small group is given a very special attention. No, the brilliant child is not speeded ahead, so it will graduate several years ahead of others of its age. That is considered quite against the best interests of the child. Instead of speeding up lessons, the curriculum is merely broadened—broadened up to the actual capacity of the child, and the exceptional child of course carries the broader course as easily as the average child carries the routine work. That is, for one instance, if the main body of pupils of that child's age group learns a certain poem, then this particular child will learn several of the same kind. Little "extras" of a cultural nature are given to the abler child. What is the result? It develops normally on the social side with others of its age. It enjoys the friendships and companionships natural for its age. As the difference in programme is not made openly, it does not feel as though it were a superior kind of creature, and yet its abler mentality has been kept fully occupied with useful and interesting matters. It goes to college with its intelligence thoroughly developed—developed far beyond the average, perhaps, yet normal and natural in its associations with others. And all this without unnatural spurs and stimuli that too often cause a precocious mentality to reach a disappointing limitation, if not a considerable collapse.

This same school acts as rationally in the case of those who would not be able to do the regular routine work of the class. When it is found that their mentality is definitely a little below the average—to an extent that would make average work an impossible achievement—then, instead of driving a child day and night and making life a burden, as is too often done, the work is lightened to fit the ability of the child, who is thus enabled to maintain the associations that mean so much without being made conspicuous by being placed with much younger girls, all the while learning as much as possible of the bare essentials necessary if an individual is to stand at all on his or her own feet.

The writer knows a boys' school, too, that recognizes high individual capacity and sees to it that obvious genius is given a chance to develop, without using the over-average ability merely for skipping classes.

It seems to the writer that here we have not only a very real value for intelligence tests, but a most distinct step forward in educational procedure—not only providing for the "slow" child, who has been getting almost all the attention, but, which is even more important, providing for the brilliant child (whose ability may mean much both for the child and for society in general) a rational system of development.

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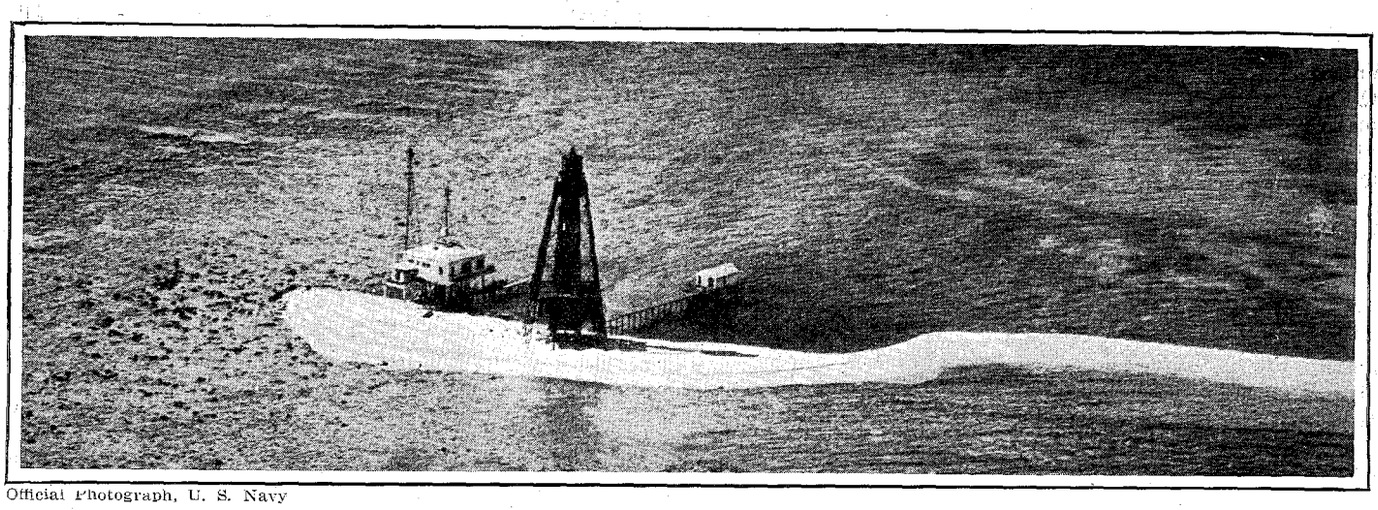

Official Photograph, U. S. Navy

THE ISOLATED RADIO STATION AT SAND KEY LIGHT, OFF KEY WEST, IS A FACTOR IN FLEET AND NAVAL AIR FORCE OPERATION IN THE CARIBBEAN

Such stations are a necessity in order to make effective communication service between sea planes and surface ships

TWIN MIRACLES: RADIO AND AVIATION

BY THADDEUS NELSON SANDIFER

HISTORY has it that when Noah grounded the Ark in the shoal waters about Ararat's peak he sent forth a raven to survey the situation outside. The raven neglected to return, so Noah sent out a dove, which eventually came home with the glad news.

From that ancient day down to the scene and day of a modern naval battle, with a present-day naval commander at his post of duty, even as Noah walked the deck of the Ark, there is a considerable gap of time; and between the relative situations of the two sea-dogs the only point of similarity is the respective degrees of anxiety with which they awaited news. For, like Noah, the naval commander has sent forth his aerial scouts, and much depends on their reports.

Unlike Noah's messengers, however, the naval scouts do not have to return to deliver their message. As the naval leader waits there is brought to him their reports, picked out of the smoke-clouded air, but as reliable and as detailed as though the modern flier were standing on the deck and talking. The miracle? Radio.

For wing and wing, radio and aviation, twin miracles of the air, have swept into the affairs of to-day, and the ultimate limits of their sweep no man will venture to predict now.

Few, perhaps, realize the definite relation that exists between the two, and the value that radio communication has been to aviation in the past, with its potential value in the future.

In all aviation activities in war and most peace-time flying aircraft have a definite mission to perform with reference to individuals or organizations on the ground. The part radio and aviation share in war is fairly obvious. If airplanes are the eyes of the Army and Navy, then radio is the optic nerve that conveys the message of sight to the brain centers of those forces.

In war all airplanes are equipped with radio apparatus, either telegraph or telephone, for intercommunication with the ground or other planes in the air. Aviators of all services, and Navy air pilots particularly, are required to have an operating knowledge of radio. Tables of organization for Army Air Service units require one officer and a number of enlisted men so trained for each unit, and all airplanes are to be equipped with radio installation.

As aviation develops radio activities assume an increasing importance, and with the expansion of commercial flying radio will find one of its most important applications to aircraft. In virtually all flying radio performs two principal functions: one, intercommunication between plane and ground, and the other in linking ground stations and control points. Although organized cross-country flying is still in its infancy, great progress has been made, such as the establishment and operation of an aerial mail route from New York to San Francisco by the Post Office Department, the success of which experiment is well known. In this venture radio stations have been established at all landing-fields and control stops, and are used in the despatch of planes flying along the route and the dissemination of meteorological data on conditions along the route.

In this connection fliers have pointed out that the average radio stations and operators are not fully alive to their responsibilities to aviation. Aerial traffic, just as is any other variety, is dependent on certain factors for its safety. Eliminate switches, signals, and the telegraph from railroading, and take away from the navigator his charts, harbor buoys, and other aids, and those two methods of travel would be far more dubious than is flying to-day. And, conversely, give the aviator the same relative facilities those more established means of travel enjoy, and commercial air traffic is not such an epochal thing, after all. Thus if the pilot can receive constant accurate reports as to the weather just ahead of him, can have his flight regulated as a railway train is guided and guarded, his safety is increased in exactly the same degree.

Besides the Post Office mail route the Army operates a so-called "Model Airway," along which definite schedules are maintained, and which indicates what commercial aeronautics can achieve when organized in the same degree. This airway extends north from Washington to Mitchell Field, Long Island; south to Langley Field, Virginia; and west through Cumberland, Maryland, Moundsville, West Virginia, Dayton, Ohio, to Detroit, and Chanute Field, at Rantoul, Illinois. At present the intercommunication between ground and planes along this route is limited, but is completely established between landing-fields and control stations along the route, so that planes are despatched and meteorological data sent out from these stations by means of radio, with a promptness and regularity comparable to a well-organized railway system.

If radio is important to the flier over land, its value to the man at sea in the air can be readily appreciated. A naval pilot, for instance, out of sight of land, flying over a gray ocean perhaps immersed in a fog also, desires to fix his position with more certainty than he feels his instruments can give him under the conditions.

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With his radio he flashes the signal "Q T E?" meaning roughly, "Where am I?" Almost at once he gets signals from so-called radio compass stations ashore, which enable him to fix his position with absolute accuracy. Or the pilot can simply cut in on the radio talk which is constantly around him. With the aid of his radio compass—another adaptation, by the way, of radio's limitless possibilities—the pilot can ascertain the direction from which one line is coming, say Norfolk, Virginia; then, getting the direction of another line, for example, Philadelphia, he looks at his map, traces the directions of his two lines and their intersection where he caught them, and he has his "fix," as he calls it. The feats already attributed to the radio compass are well known, especially to radio enthusiasts. First established by the Navy during the war, radio compass stations were a valuable aid in running down enemy submarines, finding them with uncanny accuracy. And, like many another war-time device, these stations have been doubly valuable in peace. Not alone do the pilots of seaplanes rely on them; even more so do fog-bound navigators in a crowded harbor entrance depend on them at times. These stations have a creditable record of ships saved which might now be barnacle-covered relics on shoal and reef otherwise. Virtually all naval ships are equipped with radio compasses, by means of which they are enabled to ascertain the direction of various shore points, pick up the bearings of other ships, and perform numerous other feats valuable in peace and war.

A test carried out in this line is interesting at this time. Using the obsolete battleship Ohio, specially equipped with radio for experiment purposes, a seaplane was despatched from Hampton Roads, directed to locate the ship, whose whereabouts were known only to certain of the observers. Five minutes after he started the pilot had found his quarry, and ninety minutes later he had flown the 85 miles which separated them, circled the ship, and headed landwards. He returned to his base, using the radio bearings from the ship and the shore station as a guide. Other stations meanwhile accurately located the plane at sea from time to time by getting radio bearings, and even plotted the course of the craft on sea and in the air. At one point the airplane got a bearing on the Ohio at 175 miles.

Besides the radio compass, another navigational aid for land use is being developed in the application of the directional properties of coils and loops for transmission and reception. The two applications of the same principle involved simply enable the pilot to receive the radio impulses in the air, determine their location or direction, and guide himself accordingly. The value of an ultimate extension of these guides to cover the principal airways of the country is obvious.

The radio telephone is another instrument of peculiar value to aircraft, and is just coming into its own. For various reasons the radio telegraph has been developed more widely for this purpose, although the telephone is handier for the pilot; but with certain improvements now being made a more extensive use of the phone is possible. Thus the pilot eventually, instead of having the radio telegraph to transmit and receive his messages, with the consequent difficulty of picking up and decoding the phrases as they come to him, perhaps under

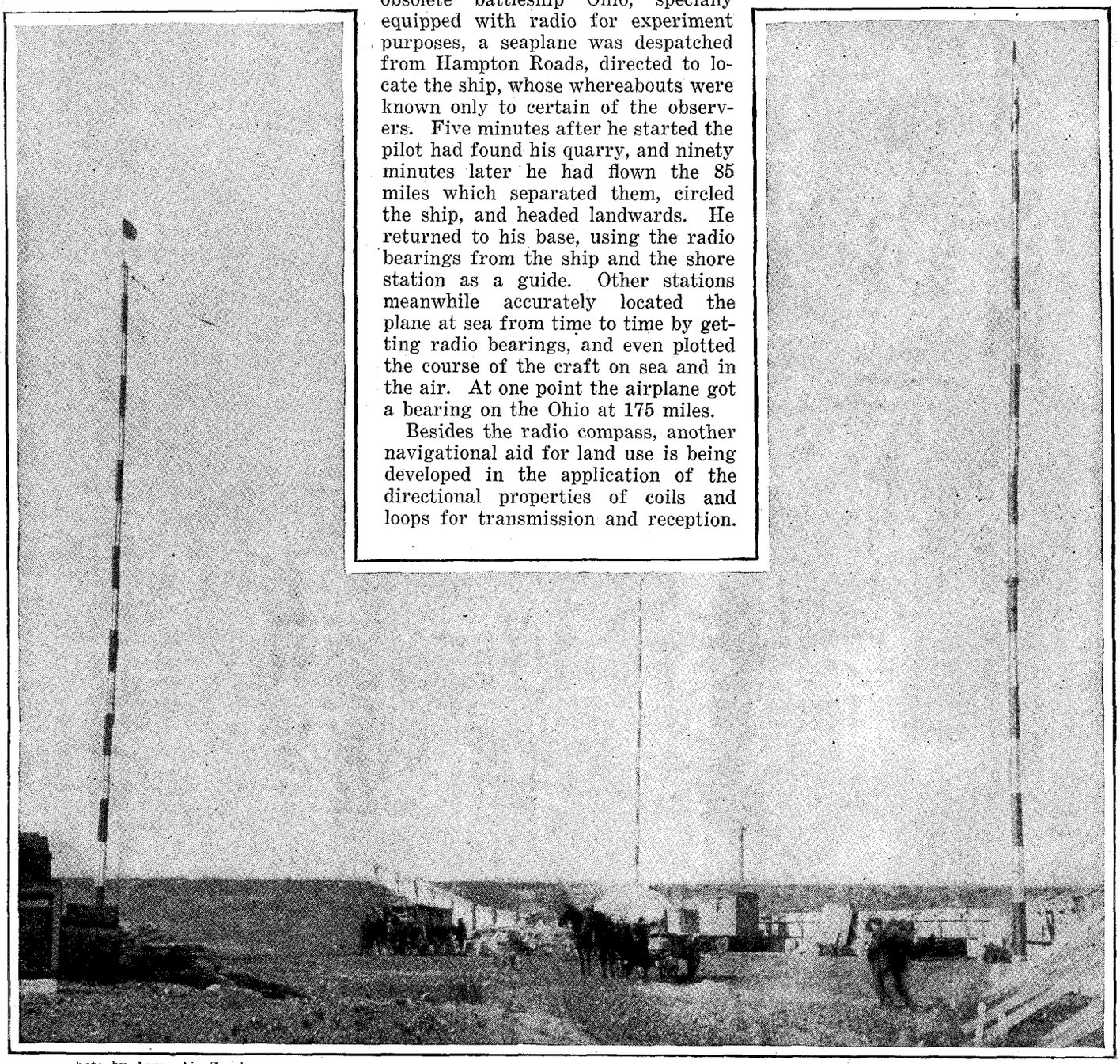

Photo by Army Air Service

RADIO CABLE INSTALLATION FOR GUIDING AIRCRAFT IN LANDING

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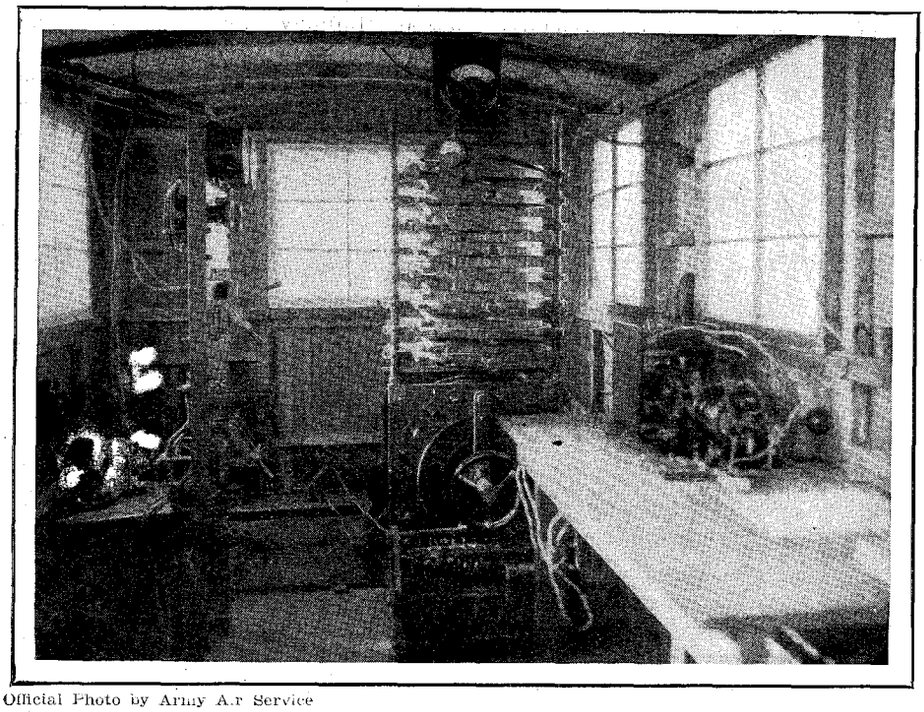

Official Photo by Army A.r Service

INTERIOR OF RADIO TRUCK, SHOWING APPARATUS USED IN CONNECTION WITH RADIO CABLE INSTALLATION FOR GUIDING PLANES AT LANDING-FIELDS

stress, will be enabled to turn to his phone, much as a man downtown would phone his home and talk. This is of much greater use in civil flying than it would be in war, military fliers hold, owing to the peculiar conditions which war would impose as to the need for secrecy and similar factors.

One more comparison with the past will show graphically what radio means to the present-day world and aviation. When Columbus, crossing the Atlantic for the first time, found himself shut off from his world, he could not even rely on the instruments he had with him on his own ship, and was comparatively helpless. But not so long ago when that modern Columbus of the air, Commander Read, flew across the same body of water officers in Washington were able to trace him through the air, get his own report, flash it to the remote corners of the world, and get acknowledgments, all within the space of five minutes.

That astounding experiment, the radio-guided battleship and airplane, already demonstrated to the world, is now matched by the information from Germany that with radio currents of a peculiar force they can bring down an airplane in mid-air as surely as did those war-time human aces.

With this before them, one does not question the wisdom of those experts who hesitate to predict the future achievements of those modern miracles, the airship and the aerial voice.

NEMESIS

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

AT four o'clock on Friday afternoon Halliday Carroll dismissed his school. He stood smiling on the steps in the rain, and it was clear that, in spite of his frail body and his white hair falling on his collar, he was not an old man. The children called him "Mr. Halliday," all others "Hal." No one ever called him "Mr. Carroll."

The schoolhouse was a tiny, single-roomed building, facing Carroll Creek, which was at present a rushing torrent. It was March 1, and the ice of a long winter had broken up under two days of thaw and rain. Fortunately, none of the children had to cross the creek; it was because their parents were unwilling to have them use the foot-bridge that Halliday had his school on this side. It was an extra school, not provided by the State, and the salary was a mere pittance, but the directors gave Halliday certain privileges in addition. On account of his family shame he was excessively timid, what was called "crowd-shy," and he was excused from attendance at Institute and other meetings for teachers. He saw only the children and a few neighbors from year to year.

No act of Halliday's had cast a shadow upon the name of Carroll; it was his brother Wilbur whose career had ended in ruin. Wilbur was an architect who had become famous while he was still a young man. He had been given an important commission, the designing of the State Capitol, and before it was completed had died suddenly. On the day after his death a whispered scandal became public. A firm of decorators claimed to have been required to pay five thousand dollars before their bid would be considered. It was asserted that upon scores of applicants a similar condition had been imposed. The payee, a mysterious Henry Rowe, could not be identified. A newspaper pointed to the strange conjunction of a threatened investigation and a sudden death, and at once the coincidence furnished headlines for a thousand papers.

Wilbur's associates rushed into print in his defense. They insisted that he was not a bad man; he was merely a dreamer, an artist, a poet. He did not commit suicide; he died of heart disease. It was true that in his innocence he did not know that gifts were bribes. The outrageous accusation could not be silenced too quickly and the defense was damning.

To Wilbur's mother and brother they sent his body and many flowers, and Representative Edward L. Truscott, the chairman of the Building Committee, wrote an eloquent letter in which he said that bad men had taken advantage of Wilbur; but Wilbur was not permanently disgraced; the cloud would blow away and his fame shine forth. He assured them of his friendship; if he could ever be of any assistance, they must call upon him.

To them came also from Wilbur's boarding-house his wardrobe and books. In a few weeks there was no more to be heard of him and nothing to be seen, save the magnificent building rising on the hill and his low grave far away. His mother inherited his princely fee and died, and then Halliday had it and left it in the bank where it had been placed.

There was nothing, it seemed, for Halliday to do. He had no testimony to offer except his confidence in his brother's integrity. He could not die as their mother had died; he merely ceased in a sense to live. There was something a little wrong in his head. Another man would have stormed the doors of the Capitol itself and thus relieved his heart, even if it did the dead man's cause no good. But Halliday was afraid. He could have rushed upon an enemy's sword or over the brink of a precipice, but he could not face men's cruel eyes.

He had happy moments in his house, which was old and filled with treasures. Washington had stayed there for a night. Few objects had

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been added in a century, and nothing had been taken away. He read again and again his father's and his grandfather's and his great-grandfather's books—Lamb, Boswell, Addison. He put Wilbur's books in places of honor—his albums and tall illustrated volumes and his many note-books. Some of the note-books were diaries with years stamped on their backs in plain white letters. Wilbur wrote everything down. If Halliday's mind had not been clouded, he might have known that there was a chance that the books might contain material which could be used in Wilbur's defense. For a while they haunted his sleep, but he did not open them. To open them would be to return to death and disaster, and to do that he was afraid.

The children were lucky to have Halliday. He was a college graduate, the only one in the county teaching a country school, and he had the teacher's gift. He taught, not only what the State prescribed, but much which had not yet been recognized as valuable. His pupils knew the flowers and birds and could call by name scores of beautiful pictures in Halliday's books. It was hard sometimes to get them to leave at four o'clock.

Halliday stood in the doorway watching the twelve bobbing umbrellas until they had turned and marched away from the creek. The children would, he feared, all be wet, but they were going home, where their mothers would change their clothes.

Taking a broom from the closet in the school-room, he swept the floor and laid kindling and paper ready for a fresh fire on Monday morning. Then he dusted the seats and desks. He looked meditatively at the pictures on the walls, framed photographs of landscapes and famous paintings, and decided that they needed no attention. He closed the shutters and went out and locked the door, and on the steps raised an old umbrella.

The rain grew heavier each moment. The grassy bank between the road and the creek was deep under water and the lower branches of the old oaks were washed by the rushing, muddy current. In all Halliday's life the water had not been so high. He picked his way carefully down the road toward his house, a quarter of a mile away, thinking of the children as he struggled along and hoping that they were safely indoors.

As he drew near to his old house, which he could not see because of the thick rain, he began to be frightened. He forgot his terrors when he was at home or in school, but the passing from one to the other always terrified him. Suppose he should find something amiss! His idea of something amiss was the presence of strangers—the arrival of visitors at his school come to see how the children were getting on, or of buyers of antiques at his house come to coax his treasures away from him. He could not drive visitors from his school, but when some one came to his door he hid if there was time; if there was not, he answered from the window. No, he had nothing to sell, nothing, nothing.

He decided now, approaching the house and holding his way with difficulty against the rain and wind, that he would have no visitors to-day, and his spirits rose. He thought of the pleasant living-room, of the old Franklin stove, of his gray cat. He was an expert housekeeper; his mother had said often that he should have been a girl.

Suddenly he slipped on the muddy road and the wind tore his umbrella from his hand. Righting himself, he saw an alarming sight. Before his door stood a large car. It had not passed the schoolhouse; it must have come this far and turned round, ready to start back. There was no one in it. Had it been abandoned? It could not be possible that any one had gone into his house! A very timid creature becomes bold when the enemy invades his nest. Forgetting his umbrella, which sailed into the creek, he leaped up to the little porch and opened the door. In his pleasant living-room, with its book-shelves, its deep embrasured windows, its old chairs and tables and candlesticks, was a stranger.

The stranger was moving assuredly and ponderously round the room, but when he saw Halliday in the doorway he too stopped short, his mouth dropping open, his eyes seeking Halliday's little clock on the mantel, which was an hour behind the correct time. He was an enormous man, of towering height and vast bulk, his frame so large that the persistent gluttony of years had not materially distorted him. His habit of life had, however, left its mark on his face. Some men look like animals; this man looked like a composite of animals—the head of a greedy and cunning creature of a low order set upon the body of a more noble species. He had had a moment ago the look of one in whom desperate fear has suddenly given place to blessed assurance of safety; he had now the look of one who has still a short section of his race to run or some last enemy to conquer. He smiled foolishly when he realized how small that enemy was, this little pale, white-haired, stupid man. He had always known that it would be wise to secure Wilbur Carroll's private papers, but he had been afraid. Now he realized that he might long ago have helped himself before they became almost as precious as the breath of life.

"Well," he said, facetiously, looking down upon Halliday. "I'm afraid I've surprised you."

"What do you want in my house?" asked Halliday, his voice cracking shrilly.

The stranger put out a great hand as though to soothe. His other arm he pressed against the pocket of his coat.

"Now, my friend, don't be alarmed. You can't suspect me of stealing. I came to see your antiques. You were not here and your door had blown open, and I came in."

"It had not blown open!" contradicted Halliday. "I may have left it unlocked, but the latch is sound."

The stranger bowed as if to say, "Have it your own way." He took a step nearer, towering above Halliday, and Halliday stretched his feeble arms across the door.

"Who are you?"

The stranger's eyes narrowed; he stood looking at Halliday.

"My name is Henry Ellis," he said briskly after a moment. "If you have no antiques to sell, I'll go."

"I have nothing to sell," cried Halliday.

"Then good-by."

The man passed him, brushing against him. He exuded an odor of fine tobacco, delicate perfume, and alcoholic liquor. He stumbled down the steps into the driving rain and stepped into the car, his hand still upon the pocket of his coat. His color was high and the triumphant, excited expression had returned to his gross face. He slammed the door and prepared to start.

But in the deep mud the wheels made many futile revolutions. Alarmed, he leaned forward, his face gray. He did not look at Halliday again; his whole attention seemed to be fixed upon getting out of Halliday's sight. Halliday meanwhile was not looking at him, but at the monogram on the side of his great car. He studied the letters like a pupil in a primary school, as though he were trying to give them names.

The car, lurching ahead at last, passed out of sight. Then Halliday's mind began to work. The man was doubtless going to Bloomfield, the nearest city, whence he had doubtless come. He would have to go up the road four miles to the bridge, and down on the opposite side. This unimportant reflection occupied Halliday's mind for a long time. He turned toward the living-room and stood with his hands on the door-frame as he had stood barring the stranger's way. His mouth was open and he was trembling; he seemed to be standing under a tall precipice from which masses of rock would in a moment fall upon his head. The masses of rock were facts, irresistible conclusions from direct observation. He tightened his grasp as they came tumbling.

In the first place, the stranger had

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had some other intention than the purchase of antiques. He was not the sort of man who would know anything about antiques. He had not even come in the expectation of seeing Halliday; his glance at the clock showed that he expected to be gone before Halliday came.

Moreover, the initials of the name which he had given were not those on his automobile. Suddenly Halliday's body began to tremble like a reed in the wind. The initials on the automobile were E. L. T.; they had photographed themselves on his brain. His mind leaped to the signature on the letter about Wilbur—it was Edward L. Truscott.

He turned his head. On the shelf near the window was a wide gap. Below it on the floor lay a pile of books. He knelt down, lifted them, and put them back into place. But the gap did not close. Four of Wilbur's diaries were missing, those for the last four years of his life. Halliday remembered the hand of the stranger pressed to his side. He sank helplessly into a chair while the clock ticked sharply, the rain beat on the window, and the mewing cat pressed against his leg.

For ten minutes Halliday sat paralyzed. He saw that the other books had been disturbed, his desk had been opened. He became aware of a cold draught; the stranger had been upstairs, and had not closed the doors behind him. But his search there was vain; there was nothing anywhere except in the little black books, and there might not be anything in them.

But there must be something in them or Truscott—if the stranger were Truscott—would not have carried them away. It could not be possible that they were going to open again the case against Wilbur, hold him up again to shame! It would be like dragging him from his grave. He saw Wilbur lying in this room with closed eyes and folded hands; it seemed to his confused and terrified mind that Wilbur opened his eyes and looked at him, beseeching his aid.

Halliday said suddenly, "Cruel! cruel!" and sprang to his feet. If there were fresh disgrace heaped on Wilbur, it would be his fault. He should have destroyed those books. Now he must get them back. Truscott would go up-stream, and then down; the road was deep, and he could not travel quickly in his heavy car. He would cross the stream and intercept him on the other road and demand his property. His long association with children had given him a childlike mind; he believed that Truscott could be persuaded.

He had not taken off his old coat and cap, and he had only to close the door. He forgot the fire, which needed attention, and himself and his cat, which needed food. He shoved her out of his way, and she ran after him and clawed the door, crying with fright.

He walked back toward his school. The stream had broadened perceptibly; cakes of ice were floating rapidly along, and with them débris of considerable size. He began to run, although there was no need for haste. It was only a short distance to the foot-bridge, and he had only a little way to go on the other side. He was still talking to himself, saying over and over, "Oh, cruel! cruel!"

Suddenly he gave a sharper cry. The foot-bridge, a suspended structure of heavy cables and boards, had torn loose from the bank on this side and had been caught by the current and trailed down-stream. There was no other crossing save flooded fords and the vehicle bridge, four miles away. That bridge Truscott was probably crossing at this moment.

Another man might have found the undertaking hopeless. But it was not an icy stream which Halliday dreaded; it was the sight of unfriendly human faces. He might be afraid to speak to Truscott when he found him, but he was not afraid of a swollen creek. He said again, "Oh, cruel! cruel!" and stepped into the icy water. It rose to his knees, to his waist, and in midstream almost to his armpits.

On the far side Halliday fought his way out, gasping. An eighth of a mile away at the end of a muddy lane ran the main road, on which Truscott must travel. To it for a short distance the railway ran parallel, and a little station stood between the two. From the station one could see far up the main road. Halliday realized that he must find shelter and a fire at once. The rain changed to sleet, and the wind drove the sharp needles against his cheek. He started to run, his wet clothes flapping about him, the water in his shoes weighing him down.

Mounting the platform, he peered into the station. The ticket window was closed; the agent was probably away, to be gone until train time, which was six o'clock. It was now not quite five. He saw with gratitude an almost red-hot stove, and realized that he could stand beside it and watch the road. He took off his coat and hung it on the pipe and stood close to the stove, his body bending above it. He ventured to dry one shoe, then the other. Fifteen minutes passed, twenty, a half-hour, and Truscott had not come. Halliday went to the window, then to the platform—there was no sign of a car. It was rapidly growing dark, but Truscott would of course have lamps. Another ten minutes passed, and still another. Hysterical sobs crowded into Halliday's throat. It could not be that Truscott had gone another way. There was no other way!

When he saw the agent coming, he stepped out to the platform. The man would think his presence strange, and he did not wish to be questioned. He saw approaching two pale lights. A mud-stained Ford roadster rolled to the side of the platform and stopped, but no one got out. The occupants apparently intended to stay where they were until the train was due.

Halliday stood wringing his hands. He saw again his brother's poor beseeching eyes. He was becoming more bewildered. He could not account for his presence here in the darkness so far from home; he believed that he must presently wake and find that he had suffered from nightmare.

At six o'clock the train lumbered in with shriek of whistle and clangor of bell. Halliday turned away, afraid of the eyes of arriving passengers. He would go home; there was nothing else to do. But suddenly he paused. A great body stepped from the little car across the platform and into the train. For some reason Truscott had abandoned his car, and now he was going to escape.

"Oh, wait!" cried Halliday, wildly. "Oh, wait!"

Then Halliday too flung himself aboard. In spite of eyes which terrified, he walked through the day-coach into the foul smoking-car, into which Truscott had vanished, and there sat down. Truscott was half-way to the front; Halliday sat down just inside the door. He must get his breath and a little more courage. The books which Truscott had were his, and a man might ask for his own. He would say: "Poor Wilbur is dead! Let him go! Give me back his books!"

But he could not speak. He could not marshal his thoughts, and, besides, Truscott was talking loudly. Truscott had more than ever the look of one who has escaped great danger or triumphed over an enemy. He talked incessantly, as one does in a safe haven after a great storm. He told every one about the flood and the muddy roads. The bridge was unsafe for a heavy car; he had had to leave his limousine with a farmer and come to the station in the farmer's car.

"She wasn't a Lizzie, she was a Liz," he said, hilariously, and all those round him laughed with him, even those who did not own as much as a wheelbarrow.

He treated his neighbors to cigars. Every one recognized him for a great man and every one tried to hear what he was saying. With each burst of hoarse laughter he pressed his hand to the pocket of his coat.

Halliday moistened his lips. It seemed to him that the passengers were not looking at Truscott, they

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were looking at him. He could not speak here. He had money in his pocket, and he would ride into Bloomfield, and there run along the platform by Truscott's side and speak to him. It was fifteen years since he had come so far.

But on the long platform Halliday lost his chance. Truscott's admirers hung to him even here, hoping for more cigars, and Halliday could not get near him. He had forgotten that there was a tremendous new station, and the crowds and the lights and the noise paralyzed him. He saw Truscott vanish into an elevator and had the door shut in his face. He saw a stairway, and hurried down and looked about—Truscott was going through a door. He ran after him like a dog. Truscott was going down other stairs to the street, and instantly Halliday was at his heels.

Truscott stood on the curb and lifted a lordly hand, and a taxicab wheeled toward him. At last Halliday found his tongue. He began to stammer and to call.

"Give me—I want"—he could not remember what it was he wanted.

Truscott heard the voice, but he did not look over his shoulder. He did not think of it as a voice he had ever heard before, and he stepped into his cab. He gave the name of his hotel, "The Marlborough," and was whirled away. He was, he believed, safe. In the cab he took out the little books and held them in his hands. Politically he and his party were ruined, but as yet, in spite of a thousand accusations, no dishonesty had been proved against him. He had only to destroy these records, and he was safe. But first he would read them, so that he might fully understand his deliverance.

At Truscott's rebuff poor Halliday grew nearly insane. The Marlborough was not far away—he would pursue Truscott. He began to run down the slippery street. The cold wind was behind him; it beat and buffeted him, but it helped him along. Once he fell, but he was not hurt, and he scrambled up.

In the bright light of the entrance he looked like an aged elf. He pushed against the revolving doors. Now nothing should stay him—no throng, no staring eyes. The words were on his lips, he would not forget them. He would shout: "Give me back my books! You are a thief! Give me back my books!"

In the lobby he stood quivering. The shining floors seemed all eyes, there were mirror eyes on the walls and live eyes in the heads of men and women. There was no Truscott to be seen. His lips began to tremble, the nerves of his face to twitch. He felt again the expectation of destruction from objects that should fall upon him. At this instant he saw Truscott standing at the entrance to the café. He was taking off his coat and handing it to the maid to hang on the rack. At once Halliday forgot the eyes and walked toward him steadily. Hunger had made Truscott forget his prize; the pocket of the coat bulged as it hung from the girl's hands. Truscott was separating himself from his coat; he left it with its precious burden and walked away, heavily but briskly, toward his dinner. His anxiety had caused him to lose weight, but it would not, he thought, smiling, take him long to win it back again. He stood for a moment in the doorway, then he vanished toward the beckoning hand of a waiter.

Halliday thought at once of a simple, childish scheme. He saw the girl hang up the coat and run her hand down the smooth sleeve. The material was of wool, but it had the feel of silk. He wished that he might say to her, "The books are mine, give them to me," but his plan was not quite so foolish.

"Young lady," he said, pleasantly, "may I trouble you for a glass of water?"

The young woman stared. Another maid would have bade him get a glass of water for himself, and still another, alarmed, would have called a porter to escort him to the door. This young woman was both kind-hearted and impulsive and she thought he looked faint.

"Why, yes," she said, and stepped to a fountain on the other side of the laden rack.

By some miracle all other eyes were for the moment turned away. By another the water did not at first run freely and the girl was delayed. Halliday lifted the little books from Truscott's pocket. He walked away slowly and steadily and pushed against the revolving doors with his feeble strength. Some one entering gave them a great thrust and he almost fell headlong into the street. He passed the window of the café, and through silken curtains saw Truscott, his napkin spread over his breast, bent above the elaborate dinner card. His knees supported him as far as the corner; he managed to turn into the cross-street, and there he stood, panting. Though Truscott were to dash upon him in a moment, he must get his breath. Having recovered, he would do that which he should have done long ago. Carroll Creek flowed into Minetta River, and Minetta River flowed through Bloomfield. He knew the great bridge, and he would go thither and, standing upon it, tear these yellow pages into infinitesimal fragments and give them to the wind and the water. Then he could go home and hide as he had hidden so long, and Wilbur's beseeching eyes would torture him no more.

He crept along the wall until he had reached the next street, and there he walked more swiftly until he came to the wide bridge and heard the sound of water. Then he stood still. It was clearing and the wind blew only in gusts. There were quiet intervals when one could think. Halliday put his hands to his head. He seemed to be roused from a long sleep. He saw Wilbur and he saw Truscott; Wilbur's face was that of an honest man at peace with himself, but Truscott's was that of a man filled with guilt and terror. He knew suddenly that Truscott was afraid of these little books. He knew also that to destroy them would be like killing his brother.

A plan, as childish as that which had a half-hour ago served him so well, formed itself in his simple mind. He did not know that the party to which Truscott had belonged had been deposed by a great wave of resistance and denunciation and reform; but he believed naïvely that the Governor of a great Commonwealth must of necessity be an honest man. In this case he was right. He would carry his books to the Capitol itself. He turned back toward the station.

Between his salad and his dessert Truscott thought of his little books. Until this moment he had been thinking of food—of its selection, of its ordering, of its quality and its taste. He had before him lettuce with Roquefort dressing, and he felt suddenly a great qualm of misery which was partly nausea and partly dizziness, and partly a dreadful thickness in his brain. He had felt it before when he had eaten too much, and he ascribed it to indigestion and regretfully laid down his fork. Perhaps if he paused for a moment he could finish his salad and eat the pastry which was to follow.

But suddenly he knew that it was not indigestion which troubled him; it was fright. How under heaven could he have been so careless? He got up nervously, his napkin still spread across his broad chest, and walked to the lobby and laid his hand upon his coat. He felt of one pocket, then another, and he began to mutter, "My God! My God!" as though he expected his Creator to hear him. When the terrified maid explained that no suspicious character had been seen, only a little white-haired old man who asked her for a drink of water and did not wait for it, he cursed her and rushed away, his coat on his arm, his hat awry upon his head, the napkin still spread across his breast. At the door his waiter caught up with him, and when he was paid pulled the napkin away gently.

At the station Truscott found that he had missed the last train back to Halliday's station and that he must wait till morning. He remembered

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now with anguish a little figure seen for an instant in the dim light of the Ford car, another little figure at the curb from which had come a whining cry. He supposed that Halliday was on the train which had gone. He had no other way than this to pursue him. He sat all night in the bright station. Great waves of physical misery surged over him again and sometimes he felt a stabbing pain in his heart. He remembered the terror in Halliday's eyes—he would put there a still sharper fear.

At nine o'clock in the morning he went once more down the road, walking and cursing as he walked, because not even a Ford could move in the deep mud. He went up Halliday's steps and burst open the door. He found a cold house. He stood leaning against the door frame, old and gray and tremulous, gnawing his lip. He believed that Fate had him at last, though he could not guess that Halliday Carroll sat at this moment in the Governor's office, opposite him the Governor and other eager listeners, and that between them lay four little books in which an honest man had recorded his dawning understanding that those among whom he worked were thieves.

FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

CHAPTER VIII—A PEACE DEPARTMENT IN WAR TIME

IN the middle of the war a Senator cast loose from his mental moorings at a banquet in New York and embarked on a stream of imaginative language that swept him far out into stormy seas where dwell the monstrous forms of the Things That Aren't So.

The following letter shows the reaction of the Department of Commerce to the outward expression of the Senator's critical complex.

Washington, January 21, 1918.

To the Officers and Workers in the Department of Commerce:

United States Senator George E. Chamberlain, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, is reported through the press to have said on the 19th inst. in an address before the National Security League:

"The military establishment of America has fallen down . . . it has almost stopped functioning . . . because of inefficiency *in every bureau* and *in every department* of the Government of the United States."

The emphasis is mine.

We in this department form no part of the military establishment, though in every branch we are in full co-operation with it. We are included, however, under the charge that inefficiency "in *every* bureau" and "in *every* department" has led to the result said to exist. If it exists it is said to be at least in part our fault. All departments, all bureaus, are sentenced together. Such a statement from such a source must (if we may assume it to be correctly reported) be given weight. It is either true or false as regards ourselves. What lesson can we learn from it?

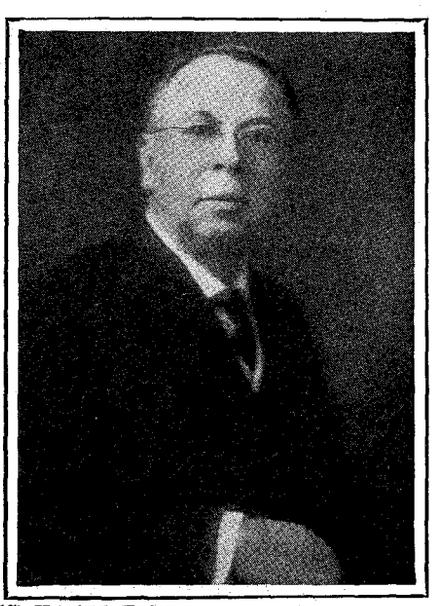
Candidly I had not believed any such sweeping condemnation could be justly made of our mutual service. The words of cordial praise that come often unsolicited from many sides about every one of our services, the commendation of the business and the industrial world, the noble spirit of self-sacrifice so freely shown by you in many forms, the known and definite results of our common efforts, the constant touch with all our work that you know it is my pleasure and privilege to try to maintain, these and what I have permitted myself to think thirty years of industrial and executive experience had taught me, had led to the belief that in this department, so far as the law and the funds at our disposal permit, we have on the whole a highly effective organization even when judged by severe standards of industrial practice. Nor, let me say in justice to you, am I aware that any external inquiry into the work of the department has been made upon which to base a charge to contrary effect. We are, as you know, constantly studying our work in all its forms with a view to its improvement.

But this is beside the mark. Our work, if good, will speak for itself. We have neither duty nor right of self-praise. What I ask you, every one of you, to consider for yourself is whether this charge is true of you, of your division or bureau, of your part, whatever it be, in our common work. For now more than ever must we do our work well. The slacker in work, if such there be, plays Germany's game. Inefficiency is a sin against your country. Red tape, unless required by law, is an offense against patriotism. Let us speak plainly. If inefficiency exists it must cease or the ineffective ones must go. This is no hour for hesitancy about persons.

But having thus in all seriousness said, let me add in conclusion that I fully believe the firm confidence I hold in you is for sufficient cause and will be more than justified by the high effectiveness of your service.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
Secretary.



(C) Harris & Ewing

United States Senator George E. Chamberlain, whose criticism of Government bureaus during the early period of the war evoked Secretary Redfield's famous reply

The Senator certainly could not complain that his criticism was unheeded, but his attack went far beyond the remotest confines of truth. In all verity, the Senator did not know what he was talking about and, in so far as my own Department was concerned, had made no visible effort to learn. But that condition and behavior are not uncommon in either house of Congress and are no bar to vigorous speech. The presence in either body of men who knew the facts and had power to ask questions would put a serious "outflow tax" on oratory. The "Congressional Record" would be smaller, more interesting, and would cost less.

A FAMINE IN OPTICAL GLASS

Certain things were anxiously discussed during the early stages of the war in some executive circles and were rarely mentioned outside them. One of these was optical glass.

Had you, my reader, visited one of our battleships before the war and examined such instruments as sex-

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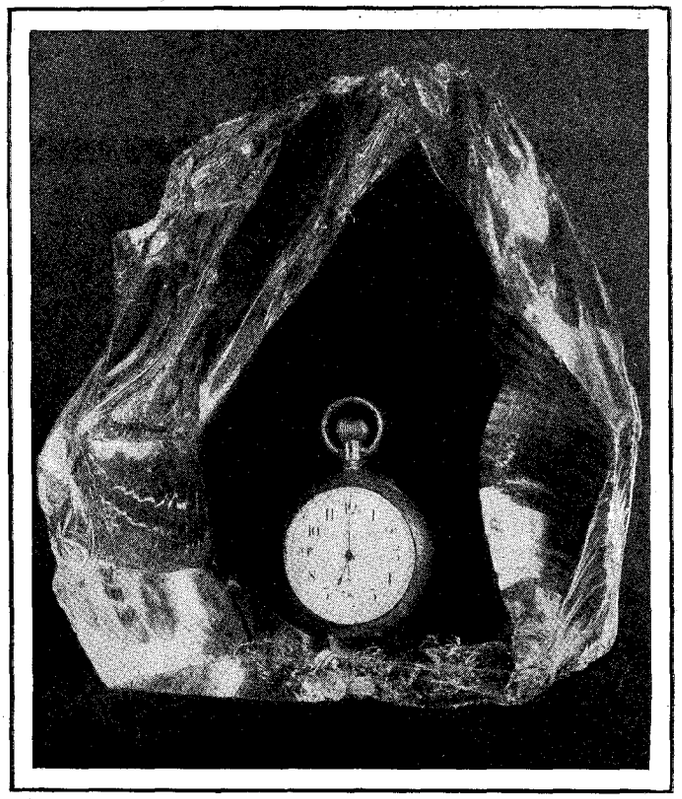
tants, range-finders, telescopes, binoculars, and the like, you would have found, on inquiry, that the lenses in them were of glass whose true mark of origin, written or unwritten, was "made in Germany." With the coming of the war the German supply—which was the only sufficient supply—was cut off. The French and English could not meet their own requirements, and we had in this country no developed optical-glass industry. Indeed, we had only a small beginning of the industry, hardly enough to keep one large ship supplied, if so much.

The problem of producing proper glass for military purposes was most serious, for the urgency of the need for camera lenses, optical systems for periscopes, range-finders, etc., can scarcely be overstated. Optical-glass products are the eyes of the military services; without them they would be blind indeed. As a makeshift the Navy borrowed field-glasses far and wide, wherever it could get them, and, like many other citizens, I had the pleasure of lending Jena binoculars to aid in fighting the Germans. Our navy men used all sorts and conditions of glasses thus loaned, and few of the lenders knew why it was done.



Photograph of watch taken through a block of optical glass five inches thick. This glass is an example of the unusual manufacturing activities of the Department of Commerce

DOCTORS OF SCIENCE OPERATE FURNACES

Fortunately, the Bureau of Standards had known of this problem in advance and had been wrestling with it for months before we entered the war. Indeed, prior to April, 1917, we had made over one hundred melts of glass. Ignorance upon the subject was nearly complete. We had to find the right materials for the pots and learn how to make them, and then to find the proper mixture of materials for each kind of optical glass and learn the correct treatment of it. It was earnest, devoted, scientific research, carried on unceasingly for many months at our glass plant in the old armory grounds at Pittsburgh. I spent an interesting day there during the war, watching the doctors of science operating the glass furnaces and seeing our ceramic chemists working on the materials for the large pots, each holding nearly a thousand pounds of glass.

The practice and experience of our established glass-making factories were at the beginning of little avail, for optical glass is of a quality that is separate and apart from even the best ordinary product, much as diamonds and rubies are distinct from semi-precious stones. Finally, every detail was worked out. New materials and methods were found for making the pots through the skill and untiring energy of Dr. A. V. Bleininger, our chief ceramic chemist, and in our own plant we produced on a commercial scale the best quality of every kind of optical glass required for military purposes.

In October, 1918, we shipped over three thousand pounds of first-grade binocular glass selected from more than fifteen thousand pounds actually produced. The great new laboratory mentioned in an earlier article contains a modern optical-glass works, and this dangerous deficiency can hardly vex us again. Throughout the long study of this problem it was our privilege to co-operate with the military services and with the glass industry in order to make and maintain an adequate supply of an essential and, to us, a novel product which required the most careful scientific selection and manipulation in every phase of its manufacture. This work was supplemented by using the glass of our production to make lenses, prisms, etc., ready for service in our own optical-instrument shop at Washington.

COTTON BLANKETS WARM AS WOOL

The Army and Navy wanted wool and yet more wool, and this great demand brought an acute need for a suitable substitute for wool in blankets. The textile division of the Bureau of Standards attacked this problem, and, after careful study in its own experimental textile mill, at last developed and produced a blanket material of cotton as warm as a wool blanket and as durable.

What should we use to cover airplane wings? The Allies used linen; we had none, and no sufficient means of making it. France and Great Britain needed all they could produce. Our textile laboratories, in co-operation with manufacturers, produced a new cotton fabric having all the desirable qualities of linen for this essential purpose.

A further step in connection with it was the production of a new "dope" or varnish which neutralized the inflammable qualities of the cotton.

RADIO WAVES HELP SAFEGUARD SHIPS IN FOGS

One morning in 1915 I was crossing New York Harbor with Dr. S. W. Stratton, then Director of the Bureau of Standards. The fog was thick, and on the way to Staten Island our boat was stopped repeatedly to determine the position of other vessels. We stood out on the forward deck listening to the whistle signals from passing craft. Then and there Dr. Stratton said it must be possible to use radio waves to solve the problems of navigation in fog and thick weather—that is, to determine the presence, approximate distance, and location (direction) of other vessels by means of radio. Several years before the Lighthouse Service had mentioned using radio signals in this way, but nothing practical had been done.

We discussed the matter quite fully, and I asked Dr. Stratton to take it up

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actively. On his return to Washington he conferred with Dr. Kolster, Chief of the Radio Division of the Bureau of Standards, who in about a month prepared the preliminary design of an apparatus for the purpose. He was asked to continue his researches. He did so, and soon produced the original direction finder or radio compass. One day I went to Dr. Kolster's room to see the new instrument. While there he put the wireless ear-pieces on my head and sat with me listening to the official wireless messages being sent out from Germany. A blank-book was there, in which we noted down such of them as we could understand.

The first form of the direction finder was of course crude, but it was rapidly perfected, and now is an important safeguard to navigators. During the war it was used successfully to find where German submarines were operating. These submarines rose to the surface daily to report by wireless to Germany. Our wireless stations on the eastern shore of the Atlantic heard these signals, and by their direction finders were able to determine the place whence they came, for the point where the lines of direction converging from our stations met at sea was the spot where the submarine was signaling. These facts were transmitted to our naval command, and appropriate action followed. The radio compass also found practical service in enabling our transports to enter harbors without delay despite the weather, and so to avoid dangers from enemy submarines and other causes involved in waiting outside.

The radio direction finder has done much to destroy the dangers from fog, and in so doing to remove one of the terrors of the sea.

GOVERNMENT INVENTION SAVES LIVES AT SEA

During the summer of 1921 the Norwegian steamer Onataneda was in distress off Newfoundland. By wireless she gave her supposed position by "dead reckoning," but this was wrong by ninety miles. Only one ship, the Fanad Head, among several that received her message was able to find her, and this was because the Fanad Head had a direction finder which gave the true position. Those on board the Onataneda owe their lives to this.

On another occasion in 1921 a vessel but fourteen miles away from a wrecked ship received a distress call, but lacked a radio direction finder. She hunted for ten hours, and at last arrived too late to save the lives which could have been preserved had the location of the wreck been known promptly.

From sea to fish is a natural transition. My friend Dr. Hugh M. Smith, then Commissioner of Fisheries, had a sheaf of wonderful fish stories. He would tell of fishes he had seen climbing trees and leaping among the rocks on shore. Soberly he avowed these things to be true, and so no doubt they were. But in the days of war the Fisheries Service was about more serious business, for there was a shortage of food in the land. You, as you read, will recall the meatless and the wheatless days; but there was never occasion for fishless days. During all that time there was an abundance of good cheap fish food unused and all but unknown. The Fisheries Service undertook to introduce this food supply to the public, for the said public is quite sure that what it does not eat is not good to eat.

The subject of unused foods is a large one, and there can of course be no disputing about taste. The eggs which New York prefers do not appeal to Boston taste, and *vice versa*. Certain oysters rejected in America bring an extra price in France. Still there were wholesome foods that required only to be known to find use. Among these was the sea mussel.

NOVEL METHODS OF ADDING NEW FOODS TO AMERICA'S MENU

The sea mussel was brought to public notice in an unusual way. A newspaper campaign had been carried on by the Bureau of Fisheries in Boston to introduce sea mussels as food and several hotels had placed them on their bills of fare, but they were not reaching the general public. It then occurred to the officer in charge to start with the firemen and policemen. The Fire Chief objected, but the Chief of Police, who had been recommended as "hard boiled," said, "Are they poisonous?" Upon being told that they are not, he said: "All I want you to do is to assure me that my police force will not get sick."

(C) Harris & Ewing

Dr. Samuel Wesley Stratton was for twenty-one years Director of the Bureau of Standards at Washington, and has since been elected President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

A barrel of mussels was then given to every police station in Boston, and copies of a cook-book showing different methods of cooking them, together with buckets for carrying home a supply, were furnished to each policeman. The novelty of this campaign appealed to the local papers, and with their renewed aid the new food soon came into general use.

The same service introduced the traveling cook. An educated woman, Mrs. Spencer, with initiative and a gift for publicity, was employed to travel in the West with one or more assistants to demonstrate the value of fish foods. She got in touch with women's clubs, home economics societies, and other organizations whose members came to her demonstrations. She actually cooked the fish before her audience and served it to them. Arrangements were made with local dealers to have on sale each day the fish she was to demonstrate, and her hearers on leaving would go directly to the dealer for a supply to prepare in their own homes. In this way she increased the sale of fish in St. Louis, as an example, by about twenty-five per cent.

When in Seattle, I attended one of Mrs. Spencer's afternoon parties and saw her cook and serve to a large gathering of interested women unfamiliar fish foods taken from the local waters and available at low cost.

A campaign which began in the East in October, 1915, to introduce the unknown tilefish resulted in the sale during the year which ended June 30, 1917, of over 11,500,000 pounds of this new food, which put into the fishermen's pockets in that period over $475,000.

Many thousands of barrels of herring were annually caught in Alaska, but were used for fertilizer instead of food. The Fisheries Service introduced the Scotch method of curing herring for food at a cost of about $12,000 by employing two experts from Dundee to go to Alaska and explain the process. During 1917 and 1918 the Alaska pack of Scotch-cured herring was over 45,000 barrels (11,500,000 pounds), the market value of which was more than $850,000.

RESCUING A HUNDRED MILLION MISSISSIPPI FISH

Rescue work is usually understood to relate to unfortunate human beings, but in the Bureau of Fisheries

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Colonel Sidney D. Waldon, the eminent automobile engineer, who figured in the spectacular development of the Liberty motor under the auspices of Mr. Redfield's Department

it has a different meaning. There it signifies a function of which too little is known because it is one of the Government services which produces many times its annual cost. Few private enterprises are run at such a profit.

The Mississippi River misbehaves in spring, as residents near it know to their cost. Its waters spread out far and wide over the adjacent country, and millions of fish go with them. Soon the stream subsides, and these fish are left to die, as the shallow pools formed by the receding waters dry up or freeze. The Service sends out seining parties, which follow down the diminishing river and rescue the fishes from the pools and either restore them to the stream or distribute them to other waters. In 1919 over 100,000,000 fish were thus saved. Twenty fish hatcheries could not produce fish equal in number and size to those thus rescued. Their cash value at the rates charged by commercial hatcheries exceeds the total appropriation of the Government for the fish cultural service.

THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

But it is time to come back to Washington during the war. There over the Commerce Building flies our service flag marked 1824. That is our contribution of personnel to the military forces. Just across yonder Atlantic horizon sixty of our ships are in the naval service—fifty of them lighthouse steamers equipped for mine laying. They were used also for setting and removing nets and, the naval authorities said, were indispensable at that work. Few men know the coasts as well as the officers of lighthouse tenders. It is their specialty to operate in the dangerous places, and the knowledge and skill thus acquired had great value in war. One of our surveying ships, the Isis, is flagship in New York Harbor; one, the Dixie, is a despatch boat in Hampton Roads. Yonder in the War Department are fifty of our Census clerks supervising the tabulation of the registration of fighting men. Up at the Naval Observatory our Coast Survey scientific officers are replacing the absent naval staff. Others of them are navigating officers at sea, for this one bureau has given over eighty commissioned officers to the Army and Navy. Its head is a colonel in France, and its chief geodetic engineer is there also as a major.

The clerical forces in all the various offices have done their part also—men and women alike. They have taken among them well over $3,500,000 of our war securities. Down on the sidewalk before the building they meet weekly, hundreds of them, to sing patriotic songs, sometimes led by the Engineer or the Marine Bands. Of course there was trouble holding our force together, for the men wanted to fight, but meanwhile the war pressure on us grew tremendously and most of our regular work had to go on. We had men with scientific training detailed from the Army to help us, and we sought women trained in science from the women's colleges. In our laboratories the scientific staff rose in a year from 470 to 935.

Going one day into the experimental woolen mill we were operating for research into materials for uniforms, blankets, and the like, I found a young man in a private's uniform. He seemed unusually competent, and in conversation showed both practical and scientific familiarity with the work. I asked him what he was doing when he was drafted. He replied: "I was assistant superintendent of the —— Company," naming one of the largest textile manufacturing concerns of the country.

Another time, when looking over the laboratories, I entered a room where something was making a terrific racket, and went to see what it was all about. An odd figure stood by a bench near a window which at first glance appeared to be a brown truncated cone with a ball at the top, lacking human semblance. I went over to this object. It moved, and when I got near enough to inspect it closely it laughed. Then I saw it was one of the college women we had employed as physicists. She was clad in a brown garment which reached from neck to heels with a hood over her head and gloves on her hands. Little was visible to betray the woman until you

(C) Harris & Ewing

Colonel E. A. Deeds shared in the responsibility for the development of the Liberty motor, the creation of which is described by Mr. Redfield in this chapter

squarely faced her. She was working over a machine which made the noise I had heard. When I inquired what it was, she said it was an "interrupted stress machine" by which she was determining the nature of material to be used in airplane motor shafts. There she was, eager and interested, working away in her dull garments, doing her part to make airplane motors safe. Doubtless many a man flying over the fields of France was more secure because of this girl's work.

I am tempted to tell of the marvelous sound-ranging instrument with which the location of distant enemy guns was fixed with astonishing precision. Our fine young scientist, Captain Ernest Weibel, who developed it entered the Army to put his invention into actual use at the front. He was killed in so doing—a serious loss to us. There were the wonderful work of testing ordnance gauges by many thousands, the invention of the decremeter, the development of cameras, of airplane instruments, of the geophone, and other devices, but it would be unfair to those readers who have followed me thus far to inflict upon them what might seem a catalogue of tasks.

THE BIRTH OF THE LIBERTY MOTOR

The detailed record of our war work lies before me—not complete, but it covers more than three hundred closely printed pages. Let me, then, forbear, asking but the privilege of telling a little of the story of the Liberty engine. Justice to that theme would require a book. Before doing so, may it be said that I write after many years' experience with the pro-

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duction of dies, tools, and fixtures for making parts of machinery and small engines? I am familiar with design and working drawings and long operated gasoline engines on sea and land and know their construction and use. I am indebted to Lieutenant Harold H. Emmons, who had charge of factory production of the Liberty engine, for much of the following account, which has in its substance been approved by my former associate, Dr. S. W. Stratton, now President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The design and building of the Liberty airplane motor was one of the finest achievements of American industry, quite unequaled of its kind in the engineering history of our own or any other land. The story is one of self-sacrifice, of voluntary surrender of personal and corporate interest to the public weal. The men who did this marvelous work deserve well of the Republic. This is true, the voluble mechanics and machine designers who sat in Congress or held other public stations or filled editorial chairs to the contrary notwithstanding.

Few realized more bitterly the meaning of the word "unpreparedness" than those men whose duty it was to carry on the war with Germany when in the spring of 1917 they undertook that task. The United States was confronted with a multitude of new problems, among them that of establishing an air service. Neither Army nor Navy had any appreciable experience in designing, producing, or using aeronautical equipment. The total number of airplanes which the Army had owned and operated prior to 1917 was 142, and many of these had been destroyed. They were primitive; not one of them possessed the elements essential to a fighting plane. Industry in this country was deficient in knowledge and experience. There was no person in the land experienced in designing or producing a plane, a motor, or the equipment for a plane capable of maintaining itself in the aerial battles then being waged on the western front. Therefore a commission representing Army, Navy, and civilian industry was sent to Europe in May, 1917, to choose the types of aeronautical equipment which we should build. We knew this study would take many weeks or months; we also knew America could not stand idle awaiting the decision. The Germans would not wait.

The most important and the most difficult item in aviation is the engine. The European Allies then had in use or in development for use eighty-three different kinds of engines. It was clear that America, three thousand miles away, could not maintain in Europe either the skilled men or the extra parts requisite to the use of more than one or two types of engines. We were offered almost every one of the European types, but attached to each was a demand for a large royalty (sometimes many millions). None of these foreign engines had a capacity adequate to the rapidly growing requirements for increased power; even the largest Rolls-Royce was inferior in weight and power. It was not suited to the utilization of interchangeable parts produced in large quantities by machine tools. These facts and the business restrictions with which its owners surrounded it made its use by us impossible.

DESIGNING THE FAMOUS ALL-AMERICAN ENGINE

Colonel A. E. Deeds and Colonel S. D. Waldon, who were then organizing the Army Air Service, correctly decided that the engineering ability of the United States should be used to design and construct one all-American engine which could be built in units of two cylinders, the duplication of which would produce engines of any power. Uniform spare parts would provide for upkeep. The fliers and mechanics could then have their preliminary and graduate training upon an engine and parts of one type only, which they would thereafter operate on the fighting front. Every producing mechanic knows that this provided the most effective production and operation.

Colonel Deeds called together J. G. Vincent, engineer of the Packard Motor Car Company, and E. J. Hall, engineer of the Hall-Scott Motor Company, of Berkeley, California, who were the two men with the most extensive experience in the United States in quantity production of high-power internal-combustion engines. Locking himself with them in his apartment in the New Willard Hotel, Colonel Deeds announced that they would stay there until the original design of the new engine should be completed.

ENGINEERING GENIUSES LABOR BEHIND LOCKED DOORS

Pause a moment to enter that room with them and try to see what they saw—our utter, utter need; outside the clamorous crowd of royalty seekers vigorously, some venomously, urging their unsuitable wares; on yonder Capitol Hill an ignorantly enthusiastic Congress, patriotically eager to act, to and through whom our helplessness must not be revealed; "over there" the enemy, knowing the value of time as well as we and taking every possible advantage of it.

We had just completed a building for a new chemical laboratory, and had not yet moved into it. We turned over a large part of this structure to draughtsmen working on the new engine. The design drawings were sent to them as fast as approved. A fixed rule of this design was that every component part of this new engine must have been a proved success on some other high-powered engine—in other words, nothing experimental could be included. A second set of draughtsmen occupied the entire draughting department of the Packard Motor Car Company in Detroit; by both groups the detailed drawings were speedily made. These were submitted to a group of able engineers, manufacturers, and tool designers in order that the practical problems always incident to making mechanical parts requiring accurate workmanship might be solved before production began.

The result of this combination of talent and of this unusual method of preparation was that no change in the fundamental design of the engine was necessary during the entire period of its production. It functions to-day over land and sea unchanged in any essential feature, having outlived those who were ignorantly clamorous respecting its alleged demerits. This fact of correct design speaks volumes to any one familiar with machine construction.

Production of the first sample engine was intrusted to the Packard Motor Car Company, since this company had been giving time and money without stint for nearly two years to the design of a high-power motor. Fortunately, Mr. Hall had equipment available for making many of the parts of this engine, and the other elements were sent to the tool shops and factories throughout the country which were best equipped to produce them. These concerns immediately gave this work the absolute right of way.

A UNIQUE ACHIEVEMENT

By this means such celerity and accuracy were attained that, although the preliminary design made in the New Willard Hotel was completed only on May 29, 1917, the first eight-cylinder engine was delivered complete in Washington on July 4 and the first twelve-cylinder engine had successfully passed the fifty-hour test prescribed by the French Government as standard for the highest type of aviation engines on August 29, 1917.

These are unique facts. To make working drawings and construct such a new motor in thirty working days was a feat without precedent at that time, and one which it will be difficult

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to equal at any time. To design a new engine nearly or quite five times more powerful than its American predecessor, suited for an exacting duty under conditions where lightness and reliability were essential, and to build it so as to pass a severe test within three months—this is a record to bring honor to any designing and producing engineer.

Under usual circumstances, in a first-class modern plant a year would not be deemed too long to bring about so complete a result. I remember well that first eight-cylinder engine. It was simple, strong, compact, and yet wonderfully light—in every way a success and a great forward step. Aviation was advancing so fast that the equipment of one month was outgrown the next. So more power was soon needed than the eight-cylinder developed, and the twelve-cylinder—the identical engine, but with four more cylinders—was preferred.

This engine was christened the "Liberty" by Rear-Admiral D. W. Taylor, who was a member of the Aircraft Production Board. Six factories—the Packard, Lincoln, Ford, Cadillac, Buick, and Marmon Motor Car Companies—were at once given contracts for making it, and the work of securing the necessary machine tools and small tools, jigs, fixtures, equipment, and gauges was started in practically every machine and tool shop in the United States. These six factories, whose methods of manufacture were unlike, were organized into one production plant under the control of James G. Heaslet, formerly vice-president in charge of manufacturing of the Studebaker Corporation. Each plant and its organization gave to the others all of its expert knowledge and closely guarded formulas, and all the plants were so organized and equipped that the engine parts produced in them were interchangeable. In other words, from a pile of parts gathered at random from these factories a Liberty engine could at any time be constructed, and its repairs could be made with parts from any other plant.

SIX MILLION AERIAL HORSE-POWER RUSHED INTO ACTION

The executives of these factories held frequent conferences to discuss manufacturing and metallurgical problems. Such co-operation among competitors to a common end has rarely, if ever, been equaled in the history of industry. The results were beyond all precedent and expectation. Twenty-two Liberty twelve-cylinder engines were made from the new special tools prepared for rapid production in December, 1917, and the output increased so rapidly that for six weeks before the Armistice the daily output of completed engines was 110. With each engine were produced spare parts equal to half of a complete engine. Prior to the Armistice over 15,000 of these engines, each with its share of spare parts, had been delivered into service. The capacity of each engine was over 400 horse-power, making a total of 6,000,000 horse-power.

The reliability of performance of these engines was acknowledged by the Allies early in 1918, and the orders offered by the English, French, and Italian Governments were so large that to fill them would have left us too few motors for our own use. They were adopted by the Tank Corps for the large programme of tank construction projected by the English and American Governments for use in 1919, and the Allies prior to the Armistice were not only using these engines in their heavy carrying planes, but were designing their heavier aviation equipment to use them.

The record of performance of the Liberty engine is pre-eminent. It was the first to carry planes across the Atlantic Ocean. It holds the actual but unofficial record for long-distance flights, such as the trans-continental expeditions, the trip to Nome and return, etc. It was the motive power on the recent non-stop flight from Hempstead, New York, to San Diego, California. It holds the official world's record for altitude, and also the unofficial but real record for duration of continuous flight. It is the standard engine to-day of the Army, Navy, and Postal Service, and it is unexcelled, if equaled, in reliability and power of performance.

The wonderful record of the design, production, and capacity of this engine was well called by the British aviation leaders "America's outstanding industrial achievement of the war."

A ROOM "FORTY THOUSAND FEET HIGH"

The Liberty engine with its auxiliary apparatus was tested—as were other airplane engines—in a special altitude chamber which we built for the purpose at the Bureau of Standards. I was continuously aware of the progress made and repeatedly saw the testing in process. The altitude chamber was so arranged that air pressures and temperatures could be created and maintained in it under conditions similar to altitudes up to 40,000 feet. This was an important factor in developing the engine. Every phase of the engine—its material, construction, and operation—was exhaustively tested in the laboratories of the Department of Commerce. We were constantly in touch with the work and had European engines, including German ones, for comparison. It was quiet, effective, devoted, unselfish, and, in no small part, unpaid work.

Meanwhile the dogs howled outside. How they did bark! I can hear them still, yelping in helpless rage. The disappointed seekers after large royalties vied with Congressional mechanics in one common and loud chorus of dispraise. The quickest and best performed task of its kind in the world's industrial history was all too slow and too poorly done to suit the political mechanics. The rapid advance of military aviation required that the power of the Liberty engine should be increased, "stepped up," several times before it went into actual service. Its design expressly provided for this, for it had been anticipated. Nevertheless the chorus of wails was loud and long and condemnations filled the political air. The sky has cleared now. The critics are forgotten except as public nuisances. The Liberty engine remains the finest achievement of its kind.

Like the Scotch preacher, my "paper has gi'ed out," and I have not so much as mentioned the fine work of our foreign force all around the world. They were of constant and invaluable service in countless ways. But, as Mr. Kipling says, "that is another story."

A SECRETARY THE TRUTH AND THE OUTLOOK

IN next week's issue Secretary Redfield tells the story of his first relationship with The Outlook and of his strong distaste for those who make charges without investigation. He says that the rule in the offices of most publications seems to be:

1—First make your criticism.

2—Then get your facts.

3—If they fail to sustain you, don't apologize.

He tells how The Outlook grossly violated this rule.

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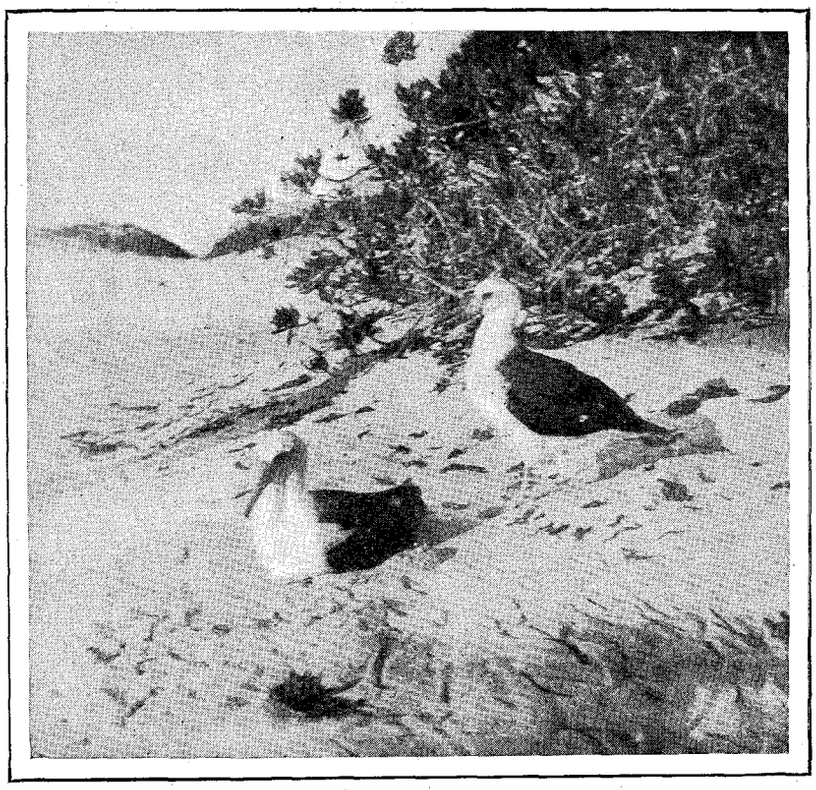
ISLAND BIRDS OF THE PACIFIC

MALE AND FEMALE ALBATROSS, NEST AND EGG, ON SAND ISLAND, MIDWAY GROUP, NORTH PACIFIC

These master aviators come in great numbers to Midway during the breeding season; they are a Northern species, much smaller than the Cape or Wandering Albatross, and of a different color, being brown instead of white as the latter are

Midway Islands in the North Pacific were discovered in 1859, by Captain N. C. Brooks, of the Hawaiian bark Gambia, who took possession of them in the name of the United States. It was here that Captain Walker, of the bark Wandering Minstrel, was wrecked February 3, 1887, and lived with his family and crew for fourteen months. Captain Walker afterwards lived in Honolulu and became a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, who has made Midway the last berth of the "Flying Scud" in his tale "The Wrecker"



Photographs made by Major John D. Nevin, when in command of the Marine Guard, Midway Islands

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THE BOOK TABLE

FROM "LINCOLN" TO "CROMWELL"

JOHN DRINKWATER AND THE LATEST OF HIS HISTORIC CHRONICLE-PLAYS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM LONDON

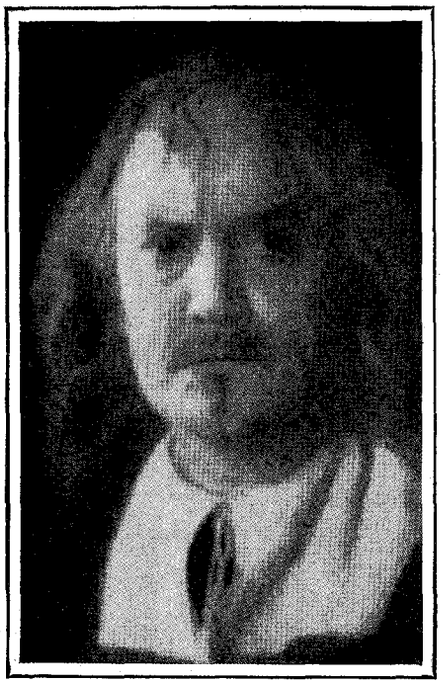
BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

NO one, either in London or New York, who saw his "Lincoln" can have forgotten the deep thrill it gave us. It was the best perhaps of all the many efforts made within the past ten years to "stretch hands across the sea" and draw the two greatest of the English-speaking lands into closer sympathy. For it neither patronized nor gushed over the blood bonds of the past and present. It merely showed us in a true and simple way that there were Englishmen who realized the lessons taught by the best and noblest soul yet born in the New World. It had the merits of sincerity and dignity; while in a form neglected since the time of Shakespeare, it gave us a fine work of art.

Mr. Drinkwater did better as a playwright in his "Mary Stuart"—at all events, while Mary held the stage. That play of course did not appeal so broadly to the average American; but it convinced us all of its young author's powers.

One might have hoped that when he turned to his own Cromwell for the hero of another dramatic chronicle Mr. Drinkwater would have done just as well as when he resuscitated Lincoln for two nations. For, though "Old Noll" had not the sweet and rare humanity of honest "Abe," he was a sturdy and impressive human character. Like Lincoln, in his way, he fought for liberty. His mode of fighting, to be sure, was rather brutal. But his admirers have excused his most cruel deed, the slaying of his poor, weak, faithless King. The end in that case, as most people think, did justify the barbarous means employed. Had Shakespeare not been dead when Charles was killed, he would have made a glorious play out of the contrast between him and "Noll." Mr. Drinkwater, alas! is not a Shakespeare. And in the newest of his works, his "Oliver Cromwell," [1] he has failed signally and sadly to maintain the reputation he had won by his two previous chronicles.

There is a gulf between his "Lincoln" and the "Cromwell," which I saw acted at His Majesty's some nights ago. It seemed to me, as to most others in the audience, a weak, unreal, and rather dull creation. Mr. MacKaye, I feel quite sure, could have devised a much more striking work of the same kind. It is not, in the usual sense, a play; not even a good, well-constructed narrative. It had been written in self-conscious, weary moods. Rarely, if ever, was the plot relieved by a touch of humor, a bright and arresting line, a stirring scene. The plot,



HENRY AINLEY AS OLIVER CROMWELL IN THE NEW DRINKWATER PLAY

indeed, was woven out of episodes loosely connected, and not always pertinent. The dialogue was burdened with quotations from Milton and Herrick. To allow chances for the voice of Hayden Coffin, once a favorite here, to be heard, it had been interspersed with dreary lays and ballads. At the close of several scenes the hero sang hymns or spouted Scripture. The effect was undramatic and depressing. It set one longing for an out-and-out real church service. Last, but not least, when we had reached the proper end of the whole weary play Mr. Drinkwater had tacked on a superfluous episode, with Cromwell's mother in the center of the stage and the Lord Protector (who had just had Charles beheaded) gently nursing her. Mere bathos and a hideous anti-climax unworthy of a tried and expert dramatist.

We were shown Oliver in his youth and his maturity; protesting, with John Hampden, not against forced taxation, but against other wrongs; raging, with Ireton, over the Star Chamber tyrannies; posturing and preaching, sometimes far too obviously; and only once, in the "big scene," when he convicts Charles of gross double-dealing, hinting at anything at all like genuine drama. The historic struggles take place off the stage. Most of the action is mere talk about those scenes. The psychology of the hero and his friends is far from clear. To be frank, it has been badly scamped and botched.

Then, in order to attract us to his hero, the author has been quite unfair to Charles. Weak as he was, and false at times, and unreliable, Charles had some traits which might have been called kingly. He was religious, and he surely loved his family. He died with courage, and we know he could be gracious. These points have been forgotten in the chronicle, while Cromwell's valor, truth, and stanchness have been vaunted in and out of season.

Of the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the period all we get is a few hurried glimpses. The three women in the "play"—Cromwell's mother, wife, and daughter—seem but shadows. It should not have been very, very difficult for Mr. Drinkwater to build up the mother. She might have been, in her own English way, the equivalent of the plain woman who gave birth to Bonaparte. But he was haunted by one fixed idea throughout—he wished Cromwell to stand out as a pure hero. And because he has not painted him sincerely, exposing his faults (of which he had his share, like others) and contrasting them with his high qualities—his love of country, right, and freedom—he has created neither a hero nor a character that will bear analysis.

He has forgotten even the historic facts that the real Oliver was not handsome or suave, like Henry Ainley, who interprets what the author has left of him at His Majesty's, but a blustering, dogged, forceful, and, when pressed by expediency, an artful patriot.

We had been taught that "Noll" had a red, bulbous nose. There is no sign of such a nose in Mr. Ainley's fine, Olympian make-up.

The others in the play, if I except the King (and he is much too artificial), are lay figures—even that mother, who has barely been sketched in.

A tyro would have balked at the cheap tricks to which Mr. Drinkwater resorts in his "big scene." Charles, more or less Vandyckian in his manner, sits in a room at Hampton Court, dictating messages through a courtier to the Scot sympathizers on whose help he counts to crush Cromwell's armies. Cromwell enters, and the

[1] Oliver Cromwell. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

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secretary goes. Just then "Noll" wants to spare his beaten sovereign. He comes to offer peace and loyalty—on conditions. Though he is plotting with the Scots, Charles lies grotesquely, protesting he has only good intentions. At that moment Cromwell sees a scrap of paper—dropped on the floor. He picks it up, and on it finds the evidence of the King's duplicity. That seals the fate of Charles beyond appeal. The "situation," by and large, is true and strong. But to reach it Mr. Drinkwater goes back to the old Scribe *ficelles*.

Chiefly, however, I reproach Mr. Drinkwater for his rank failure to suggest the infinite pathos and distress of the Whitehall tragedy. One hardly gets a suggestion of what happened when Charles lost his head. You neither see nor feel the pitiful reality. A far-off shriek and a few muffled sounds heard in a room hard by are all that Mr. Drinkwater has used to mark the passing of a King from life to death. Repression may be overdone in drama. Mr. Drinkwater has repressed—and has suppressed—too much in the latest and least successful of his chronicles.

As for the wording of the "play," it has sobriety and fitness, but no more. There are apt quotations—there are too many of them—from Oliver's speeches. But these, as well as fine lines from the poets, are interpolations, not inevitable utterances. The Scriptural passages of course have strength and beauty. It takes a great deal more, though, than apt texts and psalms and hymns to hold an audience. "Oliver Cromwell" could not run a month on Broadway. I doubt if its career here will be longer.

London, June, 1923.

VACHEL LINDSAY—SINGER AND PROPHET

BY DAVID MORTON

ONCE I knew of a young woman who had a way of saying: "There is one thing I will not stand, and that is a death in the family!" I have no means of learning how she fared with this defiance of the inevitable, but the gesture was largely and finely made, and for the sake of all desperate heroisms and the soul of man it was worth making.

The incident comes to my mind when I read Vachel Lindsay. The appearance now of his "Collected Poems"[1] reinforces the patness. He sweeps into the carefully ordered arena of contemporary letters, defies the inevitable, recalls the irrevocable, engages gustily in all the things "that are not being done," and exits, followed by the plaudits of the multitude and the stupefied stare of his amazed contemporaries.

Is it out of fashion with the free spirit of contemporary literature to countenance anything smacking of Puritanism? Lindsay throws himself, body, soul, and suspenders, into the cause against liquor, and, moreover, makes poems about it in the name of the Anti-Saloon League! Is it the mark of the emancipated intellectual that he is superior to orthodoxy in matters of religion? Lindsay shouts aloud the sermons the parson preached to us in our youth, turned into verse! And in this day, when even healthy sentiment is eschewed lest it be labeled sentimentality, Lindsay sings abroad and unabashed a sentimentality that were it less engagingly frank and compelling would shame the sentiments of maiden ladies of doubtful age.

He is the greatest offender in the world of contemporary poetry—not against the people, but against the new and very solemn laws and prophets of the fraternity itself. He rides into the arena of no-faith, into the lists of delicate skepticisms and the larger atheism, talking as ingenuously as a child, but as thunderingly as a prophet, of God, and certainties and faith, and joy in life and its Creator, as they have been and must be. Chesterton would like to do the same thing, and does it—with a difference. The Englishman feels his loneliness in the rôle, and speaks always with a note of defiant apology. Neither defiance nor apology is heard from Vachel Lindsay. It is affirmation, simple, unprovoked, and inevitable. He simply speaks the faith that is in him—the faith that God still lives and rules; that his precepts are valid and enduring; that life is good and meant to be lived; that the wisdom of our forebears, as crystallized in certain habits of thought and feeling and conduct, is wisdom still, and cannot be invalidated by the tag "conventional" nor rendered obsolete by the printing of new calendars by the insurance companies.

Lindsay would not put it just so. He would be less acutely conscious of the contrast with his environment than is suggested by the form of the foregoing. He tells—and would tell—what his faith *is*, without reference to what it is not. That is the strength of the man and his message. He has the prophet's insensibility to negative and extraneous elements. He sees nothing but his vision, feels nothing but his inspiration. It is this, in part, that renders him such a unique—and such an exasperating—figure in a world that is committed to hush-whispers and doubts and all-side-seeing.

It is not to be expected that the work of such a man would be throughout of even merit. Indeed, much of it is pretty certain to be empty of value alike as poetry and propaganda. Much of it, even, is apt to be nonsense. I cannot, for example, believe very deeply in the lasting poetic value of such a poem as "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan." But I can believe—and this is the value of Lindsay to his age—I can believe in the social and ethical value of an inflamed human spirit crying aloud with passionate eloquence that what goes on in public life has significance for suffering and dreaming humanity. Similarly, the "Litany of Heroes" as a poem offends me at many points; but to be reminded, in a sort of ecstasy of hero worship, that great spirits once walked the earth and may still minister to our souls is an experience that I should have been the poorer without.

I would be unfair to my own delight in much of the very beautiful verse of Vachel Lindsay if I ended without mention of the magic and spell that is on many of his poems. He is not always preacher, prophet, or protagonist. He is sometimes a dreamful singer of sweet songs. There are poems of quiet and deep feeling that move the reader as only great poetry can do. There is swift and finely captured subtlety of thought and emotion that would be the despair of many who forego the large utterance and seek for these things alone. His poems about Springfield, about beauty in nature, in faces, and in experience, and about some of those men who have been heroes to his spirit are nearly pure poetry.

With these things he has enriched the poetic output of his day. But the faith that is in him and the unconscious power and apocalyptic manner, plus the verse in which these things are manifest, make him a figure unique among his contemporaries.

[1] Collected Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

AMERICAN SHORT STORIES. By Alexander Jessup. Allyn & Bacon, New York. $4.

One criticism often and justly made of collections of American short stories has been that these collections do not cover the field adequately and are intended rather to furnish entertaining reading matter than to give a representative view of this form of our fiction literature. The present book is free from this criticism. Evidently pains have been taken to select from each of the authors, such

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as Poe and Hawthorne, for instance, the tale which most definitely represents the nature of the writer's genius. Altogether, the volume contains seventy-four stories, ranging in length from below five thousand to above fifteen thousand words. The arrangement is chronological and the dates reach from 1788 to 1921. Naturally and properly, the preponderance in the number of the stories is with those of comparatively recent times. The stories of about twenty authors living or only recently dead are included. The book is one well worth a place in any library.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRUE ADVENTURES OF THE SECRET SERVICE. By Major C. E. Russell. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $2.

The titles of these tales are enough to insure them a wide reading: "The Stolen Passport," "The Woman Spy of Biarritz," "The Underground Railroad." And the stories themselves assuredly live up to their titles. We must accept without question the book title's statement that the tales are true, but a skeptic might be pardoned for asking for a little confirmative evidence of that one which introduces a son of the Kaiser (Joachim, who committed suicide after the war) as a spy for Germany in an American camp and engaged in incendiary work, condemned to death, refusing to reveal his identity, and finally conducted by American intelligence officers into Germany in order to lay the groundwork for their discovery of the most secret plans of the German High Staff. Now we know just how the war was won.

COLLEGE SPORTS IN ENGLAND: ANOTHER VIEW

BY EARL M. DUNBAR

FOR several years I have been listening to a comparison of English and American athletics in which the latter system has invariably come off the worse for the argument. I had heard "autocratic" and "indefensible" applied to the American system before they were so applied by your correspondent of May 23, and it always struck me as being a peculiar phenomenon of academic life that one system could be so obviously bad and the other so obviously good as to merit in one case the characterization of "indefensible" and in the other such unqualified praise as is bestowed by your correspondent. With apologies to Mr. Field, who on the facts is no doubt well qualified to speak, I humbly submit that different inferences may be drawn, and I should like, if I may, to present another point of view.

When you are talking about athletics at Oxford and Cambridge, there are two distinct things to be borne in mind: one is the intramural competition among the twenty-odd colleges which make up the University, the other is the inter-'varsity competition between teams of Oxford and Cambridge which represent their respective Universities. When you are talking of the latter, I must beg leave to differ from Mr. Field even upon the facts. He represents our English friends as marveling at the thought of sixty thousand fans crowding into a stadium to watch twenty-two men compete for a championship; probably the war taught our Englishman to think in larger numbers than in Mr. Field's day, for about three times that number crowded into the Wembley stadium a few weeks ago to see a soccer match. But that was a professional affair; I am taking advantage of the argument. There were only a handful of ten thousand at the Oxford-Cambridge track meet, and a mere thirty thousand at the Rugby match, but in March (here I have him!) an estimated (and vociferous) crowd of some four hundred thousand partisans lined the banks of the river in London to root for their favorite in the annual boat classic. I swear that four hundred thousand people can make a noise, even Englishmen!

The Oxford Blues of Mr. Field's day must have been the happy representatives of a lassitude which has ceased to prevail in this sterner age. They may still be unwilling to make a business of training, but most of them do. If there is anything in American athletics sterner, more strenuous, or as expensive as the training a 'varsity crew goes through in preparation for the annual race I should like to know what it is. At least I do not know any branch of American sport where the team leaves college for four weeks, lives together in private quarters, has its own chef, and does nothing but train for the terrific strain of the great event. Even the college crews get a fairly severe dose, with an early morning run six days a week and a carefully prepared training table. The track squad goes away to the seaside for a week before the meet; I should enjoy seeing one of the Blues put in his appearance at the private hotel with a cigarette or a pipe. All that would happen would be a polite—oh, so polite!—reminder from the captain that it just "isn't done!"

The "inexpensive maintenance" of English athletics left me a bit doubtful too. By the time you have paid a terminal athletic subscription through your college, and a pound or two for the privilege of competing in the trials, and several pounds to equip yourself in the proper clothes, and several more pounds for training expenses, you may be inclined to wish that there was a budget in English athletics. We may be a trifle autocratic back home, but I suggest that such autocracy is very comforting when one is wondering where the next board bill is coming from.

When you begin to talk about sports within Oxford, it is then that you find the English system in all its glory. It is this noticeable aspect of the system which usually attracts the attention and the praise of the critic. Each college has its own grounds—shaven fields of green inclosed by vine-covered walls—and a club-house where after a not too strenuous tennis bout one may sit and sip ginger beer or discuss the latest piece of college gossip over the teacups: a sort of glorified, collegiate country club, if you please. To be sure, Oxford sport is enjoyed, and there are good and sufficient reasons for it. Add to the attractiveness of the physical surroundings the fact that the English student is not harassed with daily class recitations, that he is only in college twenty-four weeks in the year, that he generally has a sufficiently liberal allowance, and the reasons will become apparent. I gravely suspect that if three thousand average American undergraduates were transplanted into Oxford they would enjoy the sport just as universally and as thoroughly as do the English. The real point is this: English university life is as different from American university life as England is different from America; until there is a substantial approximation on both sides of the water (which will never be) it is idle to glorify one system at the expense of the other. Fire the coaches, ban the cheer leader, pass a Federal law against spectators if you like, but even then you wouldn't have the English system any more than you would have the English Government

ENGLISH SPORTS

We are doubly glad that we printed Mr. Robert M. Field's article on "English Sports" in our May 23 issue.

It was good reading in itself, and it has brought out more good reading in this reply from a Merton College man.

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by setting up Henry Ford as king and making dukes of all the Senators. After all, perhaps there are some Americans who wouldn't want it. Nothing is more charming in Oxford than the friendly social athletic competition among the colleges. I am glad, too, for the fellowship and the friendly sportsmanship which one finds in American athletics, but on the day when eleven men from a certain American college trot on the gridiron for the sake of a little social mixer after lunch I trust that distinguished institution will write me off the roll of its alumni.

Merton College, Oxford, England.

EX-SOLDIER CRIMES FOLLOWING THE WAR

BY FRED L. HOLMES

APPROXIMATELY 10,000 soldiers who served the United States in the World War are now in prisons. This is the estimate of two prominent medical men, both former soldiers, who made a physical and mental investigation of ex-soldiers in Wisconsin prisons at the request of Governor John J. Blaine. Of the 225 found in prison life, 91 were in the Reformatory and 134 in the prison. On the population basis, there are 10,000 in prisons of other States.

So many applications for pardons were coming before Governor Blaine involving former soldiers that he directed a full penal institutional investigation. It was made by Dr. W. F. Lorenz and Dr. W. S. Middleton. Dr. Lorenz is Director of the Wisconsin Psychiatric Institute, was a World War surgeon in France, and is so eminent a leader in his profession that he has been called several times to Washington for conferences on the Federal soldier hospital situation. Dr. Middleton was a chest specialist with the American Expeditionary Forces, and at the present time is Assistant Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University of Wisconsin.

On the basis of their findings, Governor Blaine has already directed the transfer of a number of soldiers to institutions for the care of the feeble-minded; others to hospitals where they can be treated for tuberculosis and physical ailments; and still others will ultimately be pardoned because their incarceration is directly traceable to military service.

"I have gone over reports received from other States on this same subject," said Governor Blaine in making the official report public on February 15, "and I am convinced that a similar survey should be made in every State in the Union. Wisconsin's method and procedure will be outlined and forwarded to the Governors of the several States, and to the departments at Washington, as relates to Federal institutions. We hope to make this movement Nation-wide."

Some significant facts disclosed by the survey were:

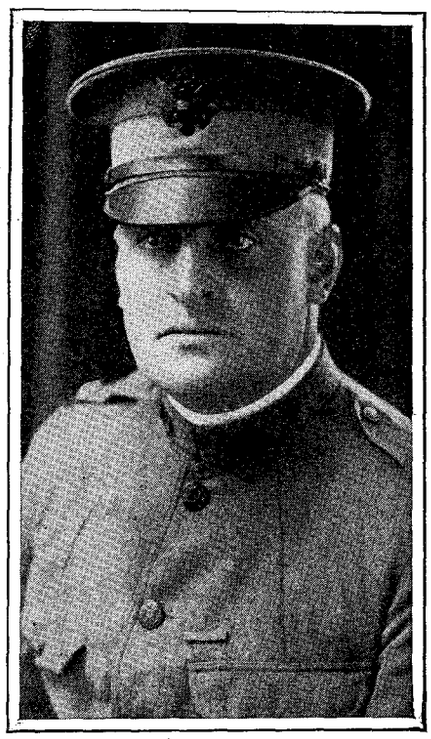
"At the State prison 62 per cent of the ex-service men are mentally abnormal."

"At the Green Bay reformatory 40 per cent of the ex-service men are mentally abnormal."

"At both the State prison and reformatory over 40 per cent of the ex-service men have physical diseases that need medical attention."

"Over 20 per cent of the ex-service men at the prisons have disabilities traceable to military service."

"Criminal offenses were concerned with property or money in over 70 per cent of the cases at both prisons."



DR. W. F. LORENZ

Director Wisconsin Psychiatric Institute and new State Hospital for shell-shocked soldiers

"At the reformatory 97 per cent of the ex-service men had plead guilty when arrested. Sixty per cent of those at the State prison plead guilty."

"The offense committed was regarded as trivial in 60 per cent of the ex-service men at the State prison and 68 per cent of those at the State reformatory."

"The family was disrupted during the prisoner's childhood in 69 per cent of the service men at the State prison and 54 per cent of those at the reformatory."

"The ex-service men in the prisons are not interested in pursuing claims for disability growing out of their service. Federal officials, co-operating with the investigators, filed claims in 47 cases for the men."

"Average age of soldier prisoners at Green Bay 22.2 years, and at Waupun 28 years."

"It is a commentary on prison routine that a third of the individuals should have bad teeth, whose proper dental attention would prevent, at least in a measure, development of certain constitutional diseases as well as local comfort. The occurrence of inactive tuberculosis in 6.5 per cent of the inmates at Green Bay and 8.9 per cent of those at Waupun is somewhat in excess of the figures for demonstrable, inactive tuberculosis available in civil practice."

"The physical disabilities among these ex-service men were in 49 instances traceable to military service, in our opinion."

"The number of feeble-minded cases was relatively large. It is interesting to note the number of prisoners (12) whose intelligence was less than that of a nine-year-old child. These are designated as imbeciles in our table. Attention is also directed to the large number of morons (44). This group has an intellectual level equal to that of a ten- or eleven-year-old child. Among these feeble-minded, both imbeciles and morons, we found all sorts of crimes."

"A total of 51 ex-service men are criminals because of facts associated with alcoholism. The concoctions manufactured or moonshine obtained is apparently more potent in producing severe, prolonged confusion than the alcoholic drinks of former times. Drug addictions were surprisingly absent among these ex-service men. Only 2 among the 134 at Waupun, and none at the reformatory."

THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CARTER, PH.D.

General Secretary of the New York Bible Society

A FEW books have reached a circulation as high as 200,000 in a single year. One book is reported to have run well toward a million copies in its first year. The Bible, however, to-day has reached 30,000,000 copies a year or 80,000 copies a day. Yet if all the millions of Bibles published since the discovery of printing were brought together to-day, there would not be enough to give each inhabitant of Asia a copy.

The Bible was the first book on the press, and has never been off. It can be bought at a cheaper price than any other book, and yet $50,000—the highest price ever offered for a single volume—was paid in 1912 for one of the first printed copies of the Bible. An ancient book yet the best seller in a modern world, an Oriental book yet the best seller in Occidental countries, the Bible seems to prove the rule of the survival of the fittest. If in the tomb of Tutankhamen, the discovery of which has aroused such wide interest, are found, in addition to jewels and fine linen, some records, new inter-

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est would be greatly stimulated in the Old Testament.

The Bible was written by forty different men over a period of sixteen hundred years. The authors were of different tongues and nationalities, coming from the humblest to the most exalted stations in life; from fishermen and tentmakers to princes and kings. No book ever written was so varied in its contents—adventure, politics, law, poetry, oratory—a book that is at once the simplest and most profound. The characters are types, and not examples. It has been translated into more than seven hundred languages, and yet the name of one of its characters has never been translated.

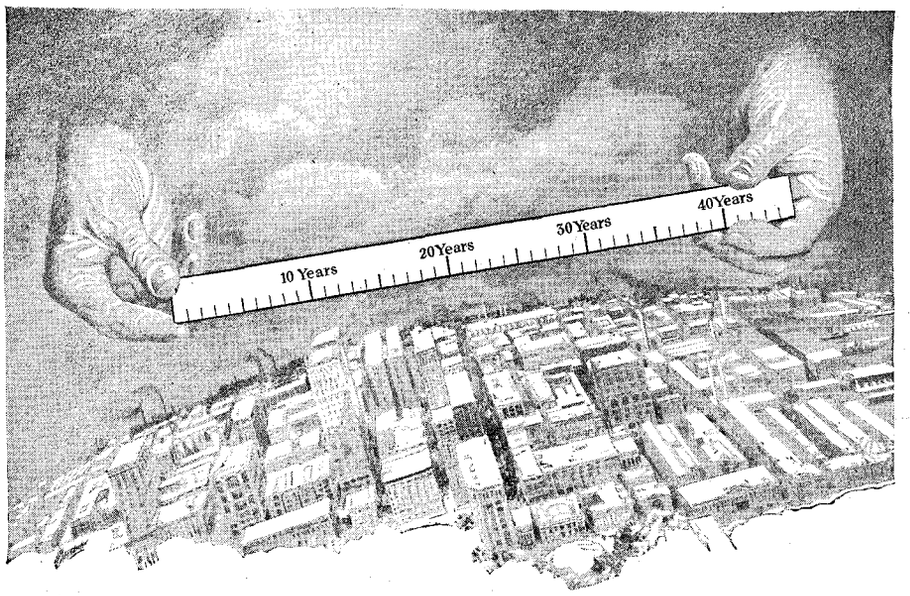
It seems a contradiction in logic that great foundations have been created for the promotion of interest in literature, music, and art, and yet their very source of inspiration, the Bible, has never been so financially endowed.

Believing with Carlyle that with the open Bible there is the emancipation of the heart and intellect, the New York Bible Society is publishing and distributing the Bible in fifty-three languages and in raised type for the blind.

One branch of this work is carried on at Ellis Island. The first gift of America to the immigrant is a Bible in his own language, presented by one of the Society's representatives. This is a great Americanization work, for the Bible is the foundation of America's principles and institutions. The Father of our Country said, "It is impossible to govern the world without God and the Bible."

The New York Bible Society provides the Bible for the sick in hospitals, the inmates of prisons, and for multitudes of the needy poor. Fifty thousand Bibles have been placed in the guest-rooms of New York City hotels. One of the most appealing departments of the work is that of giving the Bible in raised type to the blind. A great work is done by the Society among seamen, who are a neglected class. A newspaper recently announced the death and burial at sea of a captain of one of the vessels owned by the United States Shipping Board, the headlines stating that there was no Bible on board. Following this announcement the New York Bible Society shipped several hundred Bibles to be placed on all vessels of the Shipping Board. Many other owners of vessels are writing for Bibles for their boats. A book so needed at death is assuredly needed during life.

The Society is now located in its beautiful New York Bible House, 5 East 48th Street, a gift from the estate of James Talcott. From this place the great work of increasing interest in the Bible through publication and distribution is carried on.



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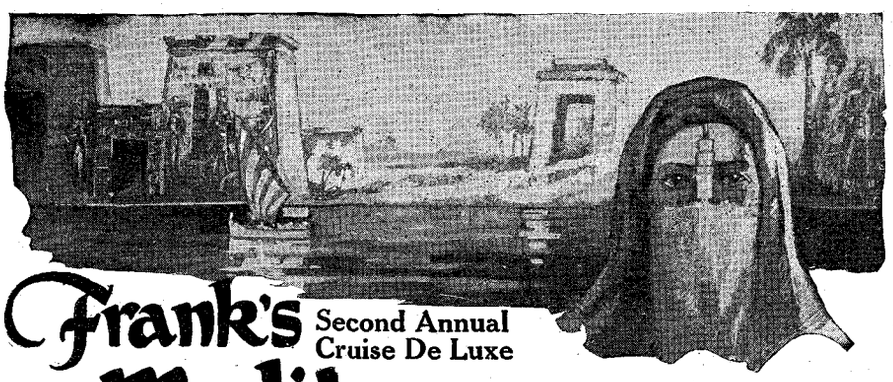

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CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

BY THE WAY

THE Baths of Caracalla, which are among the most impressive evidences of the greatness of ancient Rome, win this tribute in a magazine article by an English tourist: "After grubbing about among the subterranean passages where the hundreds of slaves worked who saw to the heating of these colossal baths, and inspecting the skillfully constructed flues and air spaces contrived in the thickness of the walls to keep them dry and warm, I certainly felt that the modern English builder, and the bricklayer and plumber who carry out his plans, are but primitive savages laboring at the A B C of their job beside these old architectural craftsmen and heating engineers."

William Morris Hunt, as described by Gamaliel Bradford in the "North American Review," deplored the tendency to commercialize the creative impulse and the disastrous effect upon genius of the constant attempt to try it by the financial standard. "We cannot have two passions," Hunt said: "no painter can paint and love money." Nevertheless Hunt enthusiastically favored the liberal expenditure of public funds for the creation of beauty. "If the people's money had not been expended," he said, "there would have been no Acropolis, or anything else worth having; and I would like to know what expenditures have paid better."

An incident that reflects credit on Malay sobriety is recorded in W. H. Hobbs's book on "Cruises in Byways of the Pacific." An American captain of a trading schooner which had got caught in a typhoon gave up hope of saving his vessel and brought out a demijohn of whisky to drink himself into insensibility, expecting the Malay crew to do the same. Coming out of his stupor the next day, he asked his Malay mate what had happened. "The crew didn't get drunk," was the reply, "but under my directions worked the schooner through the typhoon and saved her and you."

A curious phenomenon accompanying the demoralization of Russia is noted in a report from Samara in the American Relief Administration's Bulletin. The peasants in that district formerly made their own clothing, using the skins of their sheep for this purpose, with the wool turned inside—"a very raw-looking but extremely warm protection from the terrific cold of the winters here." But the sheep have been driven off by the Imperial Government and by the Red Army, the few remaining have been eaten by their owners, and there is now no more wool. As a result, even in this famine-stricken section of Rus-

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flour
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of boots as it did
1923
sia "the price" In some families the
jo ren were sent to the
relief kitchen in rotation,
one putting on the only heavy
and children's shoes in the family, going to the kitchen and eating, and then turning over the clothing to brother or sister."

The demand for "first editions" is illustrated by this advertisement clipped from a New York City daily paper:

> First Edition of "Science and Health," with Mrs. Eddy's autograph and photograph inserted. Price $1,000. Address ——, etc.

No modern means of transportation has as yet displaced the patient camel in desert travel for commercial purposes, as is evidenced by an article in the London "Sphere" describing a journey in the Sahara Desert from Air to Bilma, a distance of six hundred miles, with a caravan of seven thousand camels laden with salt. "On the open desert," says the account, "the caravan is a wonderful sight. Near the center of the column neither its head nor its tail could be seen; east and west, as far as eye could see, vanishing lines, like swarms of black flies, met the horizon." On one stretch of the journey there was no water or food to be obtained for a distance of two hundred miles.

A curious case of an attempt to lessen competition recently came before the Federal Trade Commission, according to "The Nation's Business." A Western Chamber of Commerce, in collusion with a moving-picture house, tried to confine trade to local merchants by collecting and destroying the catalogues of mail-order houses. The ingenious scheme adopted was to accept a mail-order catalogue as a ticket of admission from a child to the movie theater. The catalogues were then burned. The practice was condemned as a hindrance to inter-State trade.

James, according to "Harper's Magazine," had been led home by the village constable for "shooting craps."

His mother, Mrs. Jones, a pious churchwoman, loved her Jimmie, but she had a very vague notion of crap shooting.

"Jimmie dear," she gen[illegible] upbraided him, "I'm shocked and grieved. To think that a son of mine should be a criminal! It's terrible, Jimmie! Shooting craps—Why, don't you know those little creatures have just as much right to live as you have?"

Note the Men

You meet everywhere today
They are fighting film on teeth

You see glistening teeth everywhere today. Not with women only, but with men—even with men who smoke.

They are brushing teeth in a new way. They combat the dingy film. It is so the world over—in some 50 nations; and largely by dental advice.

If you admire those whiter, cleaner, safer teeth, learn how folks get them by this delightful test.

Film dims the teeth

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. So does tobacco. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

Had to fight it

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, mostly due to film. So dental science saw that this film must be fought.

After long research, two ways were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film destroyers were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. To millions of homes the world over it has brought a new dental era.

Other new factors

Research also proved that other effects were essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiples the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent multiples their power.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

You'll clearly see

You can see and feel the Peposodent results. After a week's use you never can doubt that you need it. And you will want all in your family to share in its benefits.

Send for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this for your teeth's sake. Cut out coupon now.

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Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1200

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Dept. 154, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.

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